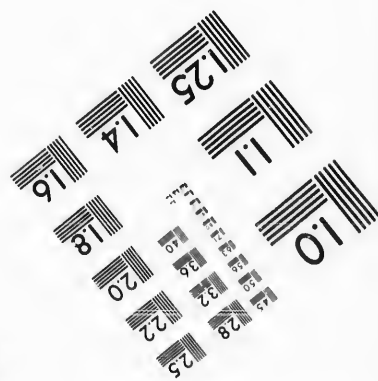
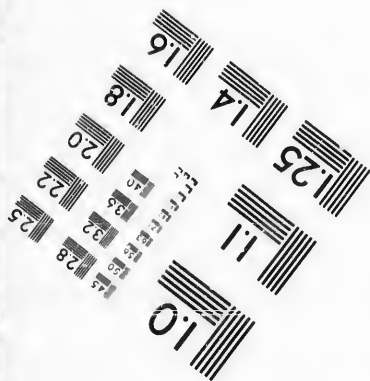
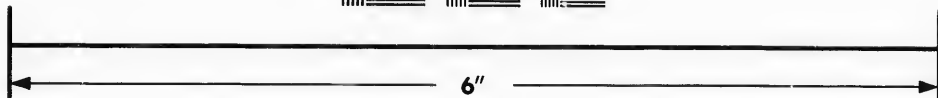
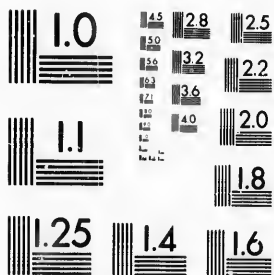


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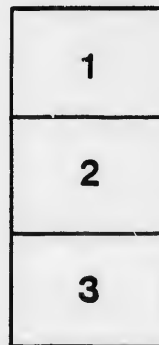
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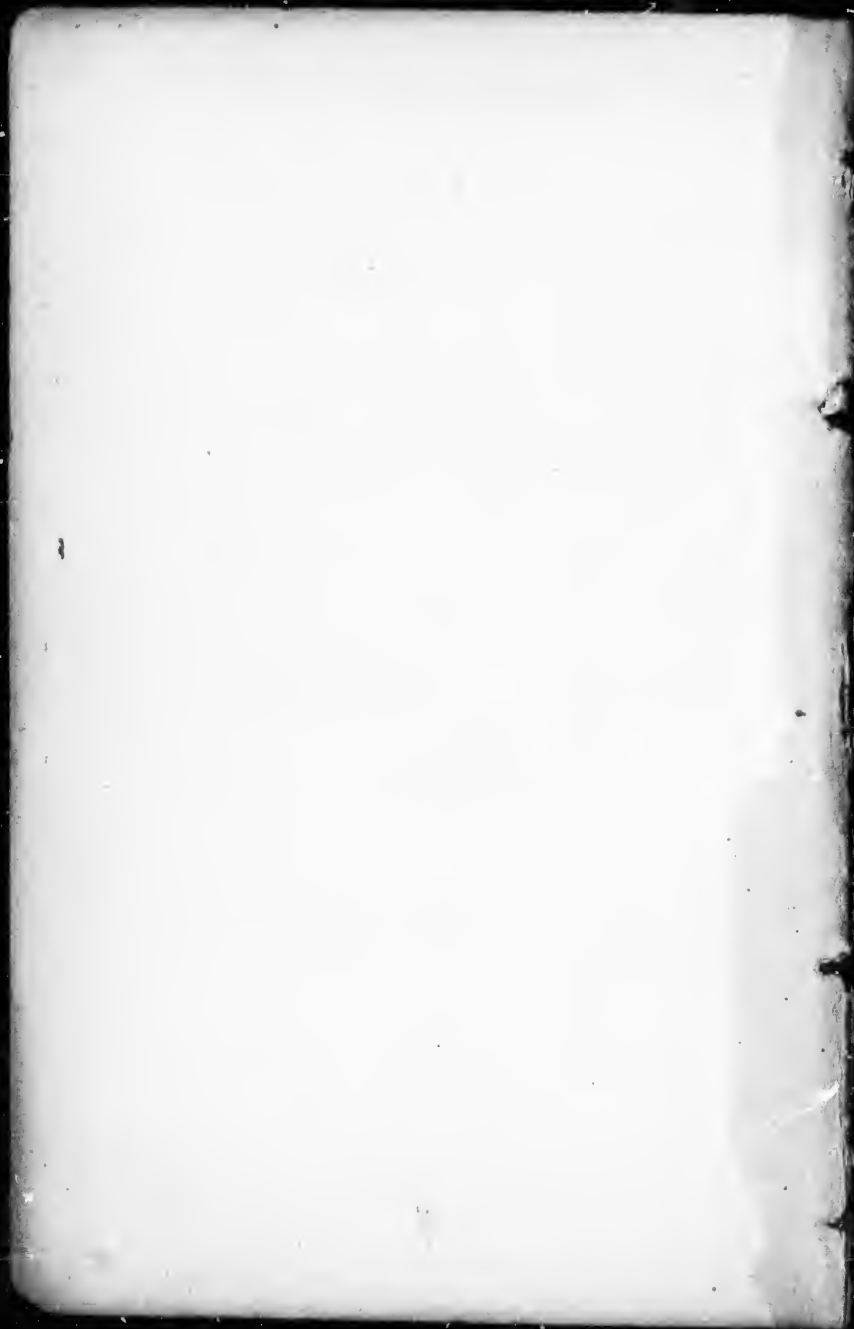
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THE Psalms and Hymns contained in this volume have been selected by the united labours of the Clergy of the Parish of Islington, from various approved Collections.

The Editors cannot but express their obligation to the Rev. H. F. LYTE, for permitting them to enrich their Selection with several Psalms extracted from his original Versions of the Psalms of David.\*

It has been the endeavour of the Editors to give the Hymns in their original forms: though it has been difficult, and often impossible, to ascertain the authentic versions, amidst the numerous varieties which have appeared. In a few cases, also, alterations, which appeared to have been so generally adopted as to have acquired the character

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of established emendations, have been admitted.

A *systematic arrangement* of the Hymns has been adopted, together with *Titles* and *appropriate Texts* for each Hymn, in the hope of assisting those who desire to "sing with the understanding:" (1 Cor. xiv. 15.)

The Editors humbly trust and pray that the Collection thus prepared by them, for the use of their Congregations, may be blessed by the Great Head of the Church, as a means of animating and leading the adoration of His worshippers; and of thus advancing the edification of that "Church which He purchased with His own blood."

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1

2

3

# PSALMS.

~~~~~  
PSALM 1.

(7's D).

*The Blessedness of the Righteous.*

- 1 O, HOW blest the man, whose ear  
Impious counsels shuns to hear,  
Who nor treads nor loves the way  
Where the sons of folly stray;  
But, possess'd with sacred awe,  
Meditates, Great God, thy law;  
This by day his fixt employ,  
This by night his constant joy!
- 2 Like the pros'prous tree, that grows  
Where the stream refreshing flows,  
He his verdant branch shall spread,  
Nor his sick'ning leaves shall shed.—  
See, ah see, a diff'rent fate  
God's obdurate foes await!  
See them, to his wrath consigned,  
Fly like chaff before the wind!
- 3 When thy Judge, O earth, shall come,  
And to each assign his doom;  
Say, shall then the impious band  
With the just assembled stand?  
These th' Almighty, these alone,  
Objects of his love shall own;  
While his vengeance who defy  
Lost in endless ruin lie.

(2)

PSALMS 2, 3.

PSALM 2.

C. M.

*The Reign of Christ.*

- 1 JESUS the Lord ascended high,  
Assumes his regal seat,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Lie prostrate at his feet.
- 2 There shall he lift his glorious head,  
And his high throne maintain;  
Shall strike the Powers and Princes dead,  
Who dare oppose His reign.
- 3 Be wise, ye Rulers of the earth,  
Obey th' Anointed Lord,  
Adore the King of heavenly birth,  
And tremble at his word.
- 4 With humble love address his throne,  
For if HE frown ye die,  
Those are secure, and those alone,  
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 3.

L. M.

*Thanksgiving.*

- 1 O GOD, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

PSALM 4.

(3)

C. M.

- 3 Lord, may we yield to thy command,  
 To thee still consecrate our days!  
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PSALM 4.

C. M.

*True Happiness.*

- 1 IN vain the erring world inquires  
 For some substantial good;  
 While earth confines their low desires,  
 They live on airy food.
- 2 Illusive dreams of happiness  
 Their eager thoughts employ:  
 They wake convinc'd their boasted bliss  
 Was visionary joy.
- 3 Begone, ye gilded vanities!  
 I seek some solid good:  
 To real bliss my wishes rise—  
 The favour of my God.
- 4 Not all the good which earth bestows  
 Can fill the craving mind;  
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,  
 And leave a sting behind.
- 5 Grant, O my God, this one request!—  
 Oh, be thy grace alone  
 My ample portion,—here I rest!  
 For heaven is in the boon.

L. M.



## PSALM 5. PART 1.

C. M.

*Morning of the Lord's Day.*

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high;  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Oft to thy House will I resort,  
 To taste thy mercies there;  
 I will frequent thine holy court,  
 And worship in thy fear.
- 3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness,  
 Make every path of duty straight,  
 And plain before my face!
- 4 All they who love and fear thy name  
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;  
 The Mighty God shall compass them  
 With favour, as a shield.

## PSALM 5. PART 2.

C. M.

*Holiness.*

- 1 ON thee, O God of purity,  
 I wait for hallowing grace:  
 None without holiness shall see  
 The glories of thy face.
- 2 In souls unholy and unclean  
 Thou never canst delight;  
 Nor shall they, if enslav'd by sin,  
 Appear before thy sight.
- 3 But as for me, with humble fear  
 I will approach thy gate,  
 Though most unworthy to draw near,  
 Or in thy courts to wait.

## PSALM 8.

(5)

- C. M.
- ear
- 4 I trust in thine unbounded grace,  
To all so freely given;  
And worship in thine holy place,  
And lift my soul to heaven.
- 5 Lead me in all thy righteous ways.  
Nor suffer me to slide;  
Point out the path before my face;  
My God, be thou my guide!
- 6 Oh, may I ne'er to evil yield,  
Defended from above,  
And kept, and cover'd with the shield  
Of thine Almighty love!

## PSALM 8.

C. M.

*Condescension of the Lord.*

- C. M.
- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art thou,  
How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In heaven thy wond'rous acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there:  
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue  
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,  
Employs my wond'ring sight,  
The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feebler light;
- 4 Lord! what is man, that thou shouldst love  
To keep him in thy mind? [prove  
Man's offspring what, that thou shouldst  
To them so wond'rous kind?

(6) PSALMS 9, 11.

5 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art thou,  
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM 9.

C. M.

*The Praises of God.*

- 1 TO celebrate thy praises, Lord,  
I will my heart prepare ;  
And to the list'ring world, thy works,  
Thy wondrous works, declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul  
Exalted pleasure bring :  
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High !  
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have thy goodness prov'd,  
Will in thy truth confide ;  
Thy mercy ne'er forsook the man  
That on thy strength relied.
- 4 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,  
From Sion, his abode ;  
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world  
Confess no other God.

PSALM 11.

(148.)

*Security of the Righteous.*

- 1 My trust is in the Lord ;  
What foe can injure me ?  
Why bid me like a bird  
Before the fowler flee !  
The Lord is on his heavenly throne,  
And he will shield and save his own.

## PSALM 13.

(7)

- 2 The wicked may assail,  
The tempter sorely try,  
All earth's foundations fail,  
All nature's springs be dry :  
Yet God is in his holy shrine,  
And I am strong while He is mine.
- 3 His foes a season here  
May triumph and prevail ;  
But, ah ! the hour is near  
When all their hopes must fail ;  
While like the sun his saints shall rise,  
And shine with him above the skies.

## PSALM 13.

L. M.

*Pleading with God under Desertion.*

- 1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain !  
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,  
And I still pray and be denied ?
- 2 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Before my death conclude my grief !  
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 3 How will the Powers of darkness boast,  
If but one praying soul be lost !  
But I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.
- 4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise  
My cheerful voice in songs of praise.

(8)

PSALMS 14, 16.

PSALM 14.

C. M.

*The Depravity of Man.*

- 1 THE Lord, from his celestial throne,  
Look'd down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.
- 2 By nature all are gone astray,  
Their practice all the same ;  
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,  
There's none that loves his name.
- 3 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,  
Their slanders never cease ;  
How swift to mischief are their feet,  
Nor know the paths of peace !
- 4 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
In every heart are found ;  
Nor can they bear diviner fruit  
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 16.

L. M.

*Confidence in Death.*

- 1 I SET the Lord before mine eyes ;  
At my right-hand he stands, prepar'd  
To keep my soul from all surprize,  
And be my everlasting guard.
- 2 When He is nigh, my faith is strong,  
And confidence inspires my breast :  
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;  
In hope my dying flesh shall rest.

## PSALM 17.

(9)

- C. M.
- 3 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
 My soul for ever with the dead,  
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 4 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;  
 Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way,  
 Up to thy throne above the sky.

## PSALM 17.

L. M.

*The Saint's Hope.*

- L. M.
- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;  
 I shall behold thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show ;  
 But the bright world to which I go  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;—  
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
 I shall be near, and like my God ;  
 And flesh and sin no more control  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
 Then burst its chains, with sweet surprise,  
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

## PSALM 18.

C. M.

*The Majesty of God.*

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,  
 And bow'd the heavens most high ;  
 And underneath his feet he cast  
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim  
 Full royally he rode,  
 And on the wings of mighty winds  
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 O God, my strength and fortitude,  
 Of force I must love thee ;  
 Thou art my castle and defence,  
 In my necessity.

## PSALM 19. VERSION 1. L. M. D.

*Divine Glory displayed in the Creation.*

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their Great Original proclaim.  
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day  
 Doth his Creator's power display,  
 And publisheth to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth ;

C. M.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What, though in solemn silence all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
 What, though no real voice or sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found;  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice;  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 "The Hand that made us is divine!"

## PSALM 19. VERSION 2. L. M.

*The Word the Light of the World.*

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
 In every star thy wisdom shines;  
 But when our eyes behold the Word,  
 We read thy Name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days, thy power confess;  
 But the blest volume thou hast writ  
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiven:  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heaven!
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise;  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.



5 Let not thy spreading gospel rest,  
 'Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;  
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
 That see the light or feel the sun.

## PSALM 19. VERSION 3.

S. M.

*The Excellency of the Gospel.*

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way ;  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And light and life convey !
- 2 But where the gospel comes,  
 It spreads diviner light ;  
 It calls dead sinners from the tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,  
 And all thy judgments just !  
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
 And men securely trust.
- 4 I hear thy word with love,  
 And I would fain obey :  
 Send thy good Spirit from above,  
 To guide me, lest I stray !
- 5 Warn me of every sin,  
 Forgive my secret faults,  
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,  
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 6 While with my heart and tongue  
 I spread thy praise abroad,  
 Accept the worship and the song,  
 My Saviour and my God !

## PSALM 22.

C. M.

*Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.*

- 1 ONCE did our suff'ring Saviour pray,  
With mighty cries and tears;  
God heard him in that dreadful day,  
And chas'd away his fears.
- 2 Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
His throne exalted high;  
And all the kindreds of the earth  
Shall worship or shall die.
- 3 A num'rous offspring shall arise  
From his expiring groans,  
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes  
For daughters and for sons.
- 4 The meek and humble souls shall see  
His table richly spread;  
And all that seek the Lord shall be  
With joys immortal fed.
- 5 The isles shall know the righteousness  
Of our Incarnate God,  
And nations yet unborn profess  
Salvation in his blood.

## PSALM 23.

(112.)

*The Lord our Shepherd.*

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

(14)

PSALM 24.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though, in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM 24.

*Ascension of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Saviour is gone up on high ;  
The Powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;  
He claims these mansions as his right ;  
Receive the King of Glory in !

- 4 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?—  
 The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;  
 The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew ;  
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay :  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 6 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?  
 The Lord of glorious power possess'd,  
 The King of saints and angels too.  
 God over all, for ever blest.

## PSALM 25.

S. M.

*Waiting on the Lord.*

- 1 MINE eyes, and my desire,  
 Are ever to the Lord ;  
 I love to plead his promises,  
 And rest upon his word.
- 2 When shall the sov'reign grace  
 Of my forgiving God  
 Restore me from those dang'rous ways  
 My wand'ring feet have trod ?
- 3 O keep my soul from death,  
 Nor put my hope to shame ;  
 For I have plac'd my only trust  
 In my Redeemer's name !
- 4 With humble feet I wait,  
 To see thy face again :  
 Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,  
 "He sought the Lord in vain."

## PSALM 27. VERSION 1. C. M.

*The Church our delight and safety.*

- 1 THE Lord of Glory is my light,  
 And my salvation too ;  
 God is my strength, nor will I fear  
 What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;  
 O grant me an abode  
 Among the churches of thy saints  
 The temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,  
 And see thy beauty still ;  
 Shall hear thy messages of love,  
 And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,  
 There may his children hide ;  
 God has a strong pavilion, where  
 He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high,  
 Above my foes around ;  
 And songs of joy and victory  
 Within thy temple sound.

## PSALM 27. VERSION 2. L. M.

*Waiting on the Lord.*

- 1 THOU sacred spring of all my joys,  
 Whene'er I raise my plaintive voice,  
 O let thy sov'reign mercy hear,  
 And answer all my humble prayer !

C. M.

2 When thou, with condescending grace,  
Hast bid me seek thy smiling face ;  
My heart replied to thy kind word,  
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord.

3 Should every earthly friend depart,  
Should nature leave a parent's heart,  
The God on whom my hopes depend  
Will be my Father and my friend.

4 Ye humble souls, in every strait,  
On God with sacred courage wait ;  
His hand shall life and strength afford ;  
O wait unwearied on the Lord !

## PSALM 29.

P. M.

*The Majesty of God.*

1 THE voice of Jehovah, majestic and loud  
In thunders comes forth from his palace of cloud.  
That voice o'er the silence of ocean is breaking,  
It rolls o'er the waters, it bursts on the shore ;  
The forests are bending, the mountains are quaking,  
And earth and her creatures stand still and adore.  
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !  
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky !

L. M.

2 The voice of Jehovah more sweetly is heard  
By saints in his temple, attending his word,  
He speaks not to them in the whirlwind or thunder ;  
He comes not to threaten, denounce, or reprove :  
He comes with glad tidings of joy and of wonder ;  
He bids them be happy in Jesus' love.  
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !  
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky !

## PSALM 30.

C. M.

*Thanksgiving.*

- 1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,  
 Who did'st thy power employ  
 To raise my drooping head, and check  
 My foes' insulting joy.
- 2 Thus to his courts ye saints of his  
 With songs of praise repair ;  
 With me commemorate his truth,  
 And providential care.
- 3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,  
 His favour no decay ;  
 Your night of grief is recompens'd  
 With joy's returning day.

## PSALM 31.

L. M.

*Thanksgiving for Deliverance.*

- 1 GOD of my strength, the wise, the just,  
 To thee my spirit I entrust ;  
 From thee, when terrors clos'd me round,  
 My soul its full redemption found.
- 2 Thy mercy shall my thanks employ ;  
 For thou, my theme, my life, my joy,  
 Hast call'd me thine, and bid me share  
 The gifts of thy paternal care.
- 3 O how shall all who seek thy love  
 The fullness of thy bounty prove,  
 And teach the admiring world to see  
 How blest the souls who trust in thee !

- 4 Be strong, be stedfast ;—so your mind  
From him its full support shall find.  
Ye saints that in his care confide,  
Nor own, nor ask, a help beside.

PSALM 32. VERSION 1. L. M.

*Blessedness of Justification.*

- 1 HOW blest the man whose conscious grief  
From thee, Great God, has found relief,  
Whose guilt thy boundless love hath veil'd  
His fears compos'd, his weakness heal'd !
- 2 My humble soul its crime shall own :  
Behold me bow before thy throne,  
To thee my inmost guilt disclose,  
And in thy bosom pour my woes !
- 3 But, lo ! while yet my hands I rear,  
The voice of Mercy to my ear  
Descends, and, whisp'ring peace within  
Confirms the pardon of my sin.
- 4 For this shall all who thee adore,  
Ere yet the day of grace be o'er,  
To thee with stedfast hope repair,  
To thee prefer the unwearied prayer.
- 5 When various griefs my soul surround,  
In thee my sure retreat is found ;  
Thy wish'd salvation meets my eyes,  
And songs of triumph round me rise.



## PSALM 32. VERSION 2.

L. M.

*Justification and Sanctification.*

- 1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,  
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
 Imputes not his iniquities ;  
 He pleads no merit of reward,  
 And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 How glorious is that righteousness  
 That hides and cancels all his sins ;  
 While a bright evidence of grace  
 Thro' his whole life appears and shines !

## PSALM 33.

C. M.

*Praise to God for his goodness.*

- 1 LET all the just to God with joy  
 Their cheerful voices raise ;  
 For well the righteous it becomes  
 To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 How faithful is the word of God !  
 His works with truth abound ;  
 He justice loves, and all the earth  
 Is with his goodness crown'd
- 3 How happy then are they, to whom  
 The Lord for God is known ;  
 Whom he, from all the world besides,  
 Has chosen for his own !

L. M.

- 4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
Do thou to us extend ;  
Since we, for all we want or wish  
On thee alone depend.

## PSALM 34.

C. M.

*Praise for deliverance from evil.*

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
Till all that are distrest  
From my example courage take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name !  
When in distress to him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliv'rance he affords to all  
Who on his succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of his love !  
Experience will decide  
How bless'd are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 6 Fear him, ye saints, and ye will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

(22)

PSALM 36, 37.

PSALM 36.

L. M.

*The Confidence of the Righteous.*

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,  
The highest orb of heaven transcends ;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope  
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains ;  
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are  
Thy providence the world sustains ;  
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance should the just  
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust.
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,  
To banquet on thy love's repast ;  
And drink, as from a fountain's head,  
Of joys that shall for ever last.

PSALM 37.

C. M.

*Security of the Righteous.*

- 1 O GOD of love, how blest are they  
Who in thy ways delight !  
Thy presence guides them all the day,  
And cheers them all the night.
- 2 Whene'er they faint a mighty arm  
Is nigh them, to uphold ;  
And sin or satan cannot harm  
The feeblest of thy fold.

PSALM 38.

(23)

- L. M.
- 3 The Lord is wise, the Lord is just,  
The Lord is good and true;  
And they who on his promise trust  
Will find it bear them through.
- 4 His word will stay their sinking hearts,  
Their feet shall never slide;  
The heavens dissolve, the earth depart,  
*They* safe in God abide.

PSALM 38.

C.M.

*Penitential.*

- 1 **THY** chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,  
Though I deserve it all ;  
Let not on me the dreadful weight  
Of thy displeasure fall.
- 2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,  
My sinking head o'erflow,  
And, for my feeble strength to bear,  
Too vast a burden grow.
- 3 But, oh ! my Advocate, to thee,  
To Thee do I appeal !  
O, hear the voice of my complaint,  
And all my sickness heal !
- 4 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,  
Not far from me depart ;  
Make haste to my relief, O thou,  
Who my salvation art !

## PSALM 39. VERSION 1. (112.)

*The Shortness of Life.*

- 1 O LET me, Heavenly Lord, extend  
 My view to life's approaching end ;  
 Instructed by thy wisdom, learn  
 How soon my fabric shall return  
 To earth,—and in the silent tomb  
 Its seat of lasting rest assume !
- 2 What are my days,—a span their line!  
 And what my age, compar'd with thine!  
 Our life advancing to its close  
 While scarce its earliest dawn it knows:  
 Swift, like a fleeting shade, we run,  
 And vanity and man are one.
- 3 God of my fathers! here, as they,  
 I walk the pilgrim of a day,  
 A transient guest,—thy works admire  
 And instant to my home retire.  
 Where shall I then my refuge see?  
 On whom repose my hope but thee ?
- 4 Before thy throne my knees I bend ;  
 To thee my ceaseless prayers ascend :—  
 " O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare,  
 " My strength renew, my heart prepare,  
 " Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,  
 " I perish, and am seen no more !"

## PSALM 39. VERSION 2. L. M.

*The Shortness and Vanity of Life.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
 Teach me the measure of my days ;  
 Teach me to know how frail I am,  
 To spend the remnant to thy praise!

(112.)

PSALM 40.

(25)

- 2 My days are shorter than a span,  
A little point my life appears ;  
How frail, at best, is dying man !  
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;  
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe ;  
He dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine !—  
My God, I bow before thy throne,  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

PSALM 40.

C. M.

*Praise for Salvation.*

- 1 I MEEKLY waited for the Lord,  
He bow'd to hear my cry ;  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new grateful song.
- 3 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;  
The saints with joy shall hear ;  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.
- 4 How many are thy thoughts of love !  
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !  
Nor words nor hours sufficient prove  
Their numbers to repeat.

L. M.

## PSALM 41.

C. M.

*The Blessedness of Charity.*

- 1 HAPPY the man whose tender care  
Relieves the poor distrest !  
When troubles compass him around,  
The Lord will give him rest.
- 2 His heart with blessings God will crown,  
His life in peace prolong,  
And disappoint the will of those  
Who seek to do him wrong.
- 3 If he, in languishing estate,  
Opprest with sickness lie,  
The Lord will soothe his bed of pain,  
And inward strength supply.
- 4 Therefore let Israel's Lord and God  
From age to age be blest,  
And all the people's glad applause  
With loud amens exprest.

## PSALM 42.

L. M.

*Thirsting after God.*

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling springs,  
So longs my soul, O King of kings,  
Thy face in near approach to see,—  
So thirsts, great source of life, for thee !
- 2 Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes  
Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise ;  
Amidst the storm, amidst the wave,  
Thy love the beams of comfort gave.
- 3 Thy name to rapture prompts my tongue,  
My joy by day, by night my song ;  
To thee my soul ascends in prayer,  
And in thy bosom pours its care.

C. M.

- 4 Then why, my soul, with care opprest ?  
 And whence the woes that fill my breast ?  
 In all thy cares, in all thy woes,  
 On God thy steadfast hope repose.

## PSALM 43.

C. M.

*Comfort in Affliction.*

- 1 CAST down, discourag'd, and distress'd,  
 To thee, my God, I seek for rest ;  
 With thee I shall not fail to find  
 Peace for the anguish of my mind.
- 2 O let thy truth, with bright'ning ray,  
 Direct and cheer me on my way !  
 And when I seek thy House of prayer,  
 O let me find thy presence there !
- 3 Before thy altar, as I kneel,  
 Renew my strength, my sorrows heal !  
 So shall I sing with thankful voice  
 His praise who makes my heart rejoice.

## PSALM 45.

(148.)

*The Triumph of Christ.*

- 1 GIRD on thy conq'ring sword,  
 Ascend thy shining car,  
 And march, Almighty Lord,  
 To wage thy holy war !  
 Before his wheels  
 In glad surprise,  
 Ye valleys rise,  
 And sink ye hills.

wn,

L. M.

e !

gue,



(28)

PSALM 46.

- 2 Before thine awful face  
Millions of foes shall fall,  
The captives of thy grace,  
That grace which conquers all :  
The world shall know,  
Great King of kings,  
What wondrous things  
Thine arm can do.
- 3 Here to my willing soul  
Bend thy triumphant way ;  
Here every foe control,  
And all thy power display :  
My heart, thy throne,  
Blest Jesus, see,  
Bows low to thee,  
To Thee alone.

PSALM 46.

C. M.

*God our Refuge.*

- 1 God is our refuge, tried and prov'd,  
Amid a stormy world ;  
We will not fear, though earth be mov'd,  
And hills in ocean hurl'd.
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,  
Our comfort shall not cease ;  
The Lord his saints will not forsake ;  
The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love  
To us shall ever flow ;  
It issues from his throne above,  
It cheers his Church below.

- 4 When earth and hell against us came,  
 He spake and quell'd their powers ;  
 The Lord of Hosts is still the same,  
 The God of Grace is ours.

## PSALM 47. VERSION 1. C. M.

*Christ ascending and reigning.*

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy  
 To God the Sov'reign King !  
 Let every land their tongues employ,  
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high ;  
 His heavenly guards around  
 Attend him rising through the sky,  
 With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
 Let mortals learn their strains ;  
 Let all the earth his honour sing ;  
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;  
 He lov'd that chosen race ;  
 But now he calls the world his own,  
 And heathens taste his grace.

## PSALM 47. VERSION 2. (7's.)

*Christ ascending and reigning.*

- 1 GLORY, glory, to our King!  
 Crowns unfading wreath' his head !  
 Jesus is the name we sing,  
 Jesus risen from the dead ;  
 Jesus conqueror o'er the grave,  
 Jesus mighty now to save.

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high ;  
 Angels come to meet their King ;  
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,  
 While the Victor's praise they sing :  
 " Open now, ye heavenly gates !  
 "'Tis the King of Glory waits."
- 3 Now behold him high enthron'd,  
 Glory beaming from his face ;  
 By adoring angels own'd,  
 God of holiness and grace !  
 O for hearts and tongues to sing  
 " Glory, glory to our King" !
- 4 Jesus on thy people shine,  
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,  
 That with angels we may join,  
 Share their bliss, and swell their songs !  
 Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
 Lord be thine for evermore !

## PSALM 48.

S. M.

*The Church the honour and safety of a Nation.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,  
 And let his praise be great ;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand,  
 The honours of our native place,  
 The bulwarks of our land !
- 3 In Zion God is known,  
 A refuge in distress ;  
 How bright has his salvation shone  
 Through all her palaces !

- 4 In every new distress  
 We'll to his House repair ;  
 We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,  
 And seek deliv'rance there.

## PSALM 50.

C. M.

*God's Judgment of the World.*

- 1 THRON'D on a cloud our God shall come,  
 Bright flames prepare his way ;  
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
 Lead on the dreadful day.
- 2 Heaven from above his call shall hear,  
 Attending angels come ;  
 And earth and hell shall know and fear  
 His justice, and their doom.
- 3 "But gather all my saints," he cries,  
 That sought their peace with God  
 "By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
 "And found it in his blood.
- 4 „ Their faith and works, brought forth to  
 "Shall make the world confess [light,  
 "The gift of my reward is right :  
 "And heaven shall sing my grace."

## PSALM 51. PART 1.

L. M.

*Penitential.*

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive ;  
 Let a repenting rebel live !  
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace :  
O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean !
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace :  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd : but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair !

PSALM 51. PART 2. L. M.

*Confession of Sin.*

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean,  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Jesus, our Lord, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make us white as snow ;  
No blood of beasts could cleanse us so.
- 4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And bid my sorrowing heart rejoice !

## PSALM 51. PART 3.

L. M.

*Rejoicing in the hope of pardon.*

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book !
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just :  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And save the soul condemn'd to die !
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :  
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 4 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
 Salvation shall be all my song :  
 And all my powers shall join to bless  
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

## PSALM 55.

P. M.

*Longing for the Presence of God.*

- 1 O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I soar to thy presence above !  
 How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,  
 And hide all my cares in thy shelt'ring breast !
- 2 Ah, there the wild tempest for ever shall cease,  
 No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace ;  
 Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,  
 All tears from the eyes, and all sin from the heart.

(34) PSALMS 57, 61.

- 3 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine!  
Rise, bright Sun of Glory, no more to decline!  
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers:  
O what will it be when the fulness appears!

PSALM 57.

L. M.

*Praise.*

- 1 O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,  
Its thankful tribute to present;  
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise,  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 2 Awake, my glory, harp and lute,  
No longer let your strings be mute;  
And I, my tuneful part to take,  
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the list'ning nations round;  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;  
And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth display'd,  
Till thou art here as there obey'd!

PSALM 61.

S. M.

*God a refuge in trouble.*

- 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

PSALM 63.

(35)

2 O, lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade !

3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

PSALM 63.

L. M.

*The House of God.*

1 O LORD, within thy sacred gates,  
Where I so oft have sought for thee,  
Again my longing spirit waits  
The fulness of delight to see !

2 In blessing thee with thankful songs,  
My happy life shall glide away :  
The praise that to thy name belongs  
Daily with lifted hands I'll pay.

3 Abundant sweetness, while I sing  
Thy love, my favour'd soul o'erflows ;  
Secure in thee, my God, my King,  
Of glory that no period knows.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love  
My heart and tongue shall still employ :  
Thy love to sing, thy grace to prove,  
Be this my glory, peace, and joy.



## PSALM 65.

L. M.

*Praise for the kindly fruits of the earth.*

- 1 FATHER of Lights, we sing thy name,  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed  
The copious drops of genial rain;  
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,  
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 O, ne'er may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care,  
But, what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer!
- 4 So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
And showers in sweetest drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

## PSALM 67. VERSION 1. S. M.

*Extension of the Church.*

- 1 To bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline;  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine:
- 2 That so thy wond'rous way  
May through the world be known;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own!
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join  
To celebrate thy fame:  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name!

## PSALM 67. VERSION 2. (148.)

*Extension of the Church.*

- 1 RISE, gracious God, and shine  
 In all thy saving might,  
 And prosper each design  
 To spread thy glorious light ;  
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,  
 That all the earth thy truth may know.
- 2 O, bring the nations near,  
 That they may sing thy praise ;  
 Let all the people hear,  
 And learn thy holy ways !  
 Reign, Mighty God ; assert thy cause,  
 And govern by thy righteous laws !
- 3 Exert thy glorious power !  
 The nations then will see,  
 And earth present her store,  
 In converts born of thee :  
 God, our own God, his Church will bless,  
 And earth shall yield her full increase.

## PSALM 68. PART 1.

L. M.

*The Majesty of God.*

- 1 LET God arise in all his might,  
 And put his gather'd foes to flight :  
 He rides and thunders through the sky ;  
 His name Jehovah, sounds on high.
- 2 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;  
 Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;  
 His wond'rous names and powers rehearse ;  
 His honours shall enrich your verse.

(38) PSALMS 68, 69.

- 3 Proclaim him King ; pronounce him blest ;  
He is your life, your joy, your rest ;  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM 68. PART 2. L. M.

*The Ascension and Dominion of Christ.*

- 1 LORD ! when thou did'st ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :  
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious, when the Lord was there,  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious powers of hell,  
Which thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains as captives led !
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 69. VERSION 1. L. M.

*Supplication in Distress.*

- 1 GOD of my life ! to thee I call ;  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall :  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint ?  
Where, but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Hard were the woes of life to bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer :  
But a prayer-hearing, answ'ring God  
Supports me under every load.
- 5 If poor, unknown, despis'd, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

## PSALM 69. VERSION 2. C. M.

*Redemption through the Sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,  
I bless my Saviour's name ;  
He bought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high ;  
His duty and his zeal  
Fulfill'd the Law which mortals broke,  
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 This shall his humble followers see,  
And set their hearts at rest ;  
They by his death draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.

(40)

PSALM 71.

- 4 Zion is thine, Most Holy God !  
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,  
For thine own Israel waits.
- 5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,  
To God their voices raise,  
While land and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance the praise.

PSALM 71. VERSION I. C. M.

*Review of Life.*

- 1 MY God, my everlasting hope !  
I live upon thy truth ;  
Thy hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Still hath my life new wonders seen,  
Repeated every year :  
Behold, my days which yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies !
- 4 Then, in the hist'ry of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in every page,  
In every line thy praise.

## PSALM 71. VERSION 2. C. M.

*A Thankful Review of Life.*

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported by the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 O, how shall words, with equal warmth,  
 The gratitude declare  
 Which glows within my ravish'd heart ?  
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 [Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.]
- 5 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renew'd my face,  
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew,
- 7 Through all eternity, to thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise :  
 But, oh ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

## PSALM 72.

L. M.

*The Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Doth his successive journeys run ;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And princes throng to crown his head ;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise,  
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honours to our King ;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## PSALM 73.

C. M.

*God the strength of His People.*

- 1 WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee ;  
 And whom on earth beside ?  
 Where else for succour shall we flee,  
 Or in whose strength confide ?

L. M.

- 2 Thou art our portion here below,  
Our promis'd bliss above ;  
Nor can our souls an object know  
So precious as thy love.
- 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,  
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,  
Support us through life's thorny vale,  
And calm each anxious fear.
- 4 Yes, thou, our only Guide through life,  
Shalt help and strength supply,  
Support us in death's fearful strife,  
Then welcome us on high.

## PSALM 74.

L. M.

*The Church's Security.*

- 1 CAST not, O Lord, thy Church away !  
Cease not thy people to befriend !  
Thou hast been our sure guide and stay ;  
O bless and shield us to the end !
- 2 The walls wherein thou long hast dwelt,  
The hallow'd House of praise and prayer,  
Still let thy presence there be felt,  
Still shed thy choicest mercies there !
- 3 Unnumber'd foes upon us press ;  
But, Lord, we look through all to Thee ;  
We think of Sinai's wilderness,  
We think of Egypt's travers'd sea.
- 4 O Saviour of thy Church of old,  
Our guide through every former ill,  
Forsake not now thy suffering fold,  
But guard and guide, and save us still !

C. M.



## PSALM 77.

*The Depths of Providence inscrutable*

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-erring skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
Yet sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

C. M.

## PSALM 80.

L. M.

*Imploing the Divine Interposition.*

- 1 O ISRAEL's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,  
Our prayer to thee vouchsafe to hear !  
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,  
Again in a solemn state appear !
- 2 Do thou convert us, Lord ! do thou  
The lustre of thy face display !  
And all the ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
- 3 O Thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?  
How long thy suff'ring people pray,  
And to their prayers have no return ?
- 4 Do thou convert us, Lord ! do thou  
The lustre of thy face display !  
And all the ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

## PSALM 81.

S. M.

*The Sabbath.*

- 1 SING to the Lord our Might,  
With holy fervour sing ;  
Let hearts and instruments unite,  
To praise our Heavenly King !
- 2 This is his holy House ;  
And this his festal day,  
When he accepts the humblest vows,  
That we sincerely pay.

- 3 The Sabbath to our sires,  
In mercy first was given ;  
The Church her Sabbaths still requires,  
To speed her on to heaven.
- 4 We still, like them of old,  
Are in the wilderness ;  
And God is still as near his fold,  
To pity and to bless.
- 5 Then let us open wide  
Our mouth, for him to fill ;  
And He, that Israel then supplied,  
Will help his Israel still.

## PSALM 84. VERSION 1.

C. M.

*Longing for the House of God.*

- 1 O GOD of Hosts, the Mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place  
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st  
The brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire  
To view thy blest abode ;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For thee the Living God.
- 2 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they  
Who in thy temple always dwell,  
And there thy praise display !
- 4 Thrice happy they, whose choice hath Thee  
Their sure protection made,  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to thy dwelling lead !

- 5 As through the dreary vale they walk  
Of vanity and tears,  
Grace pours its plenteous streams, and thence  
The thirsty desert cheers.

## PSALM 84. VERSION 2. (148.)

*Delight in the House of God.*

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples, are !  
To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God !
- 2 O happy souls, that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men, that pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise thee still : and happy they  
That love the way to Zion's hill !
- 3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears.  
O glorious seat ! Thou God, our King,  
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

## PSALM 84. VERSION 3. (7's.)

*The Excellency of the Sanctuary.*

- 1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love ;  
Pleasant are thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.

- 2 O, my spirit longs and faints  
 For the converse of thy saints,  
 For the brightness of thy face,  
 For thy fulness, God of grace !
- 3 Happy birds, that sing and fly  
 Round thy altars, O Most High !  
 Happier souls, that find a rest !  
 In a Heavenly Father's breast !
- 4 Happy souls ! their praises flow  
 Even in this vale of woe ;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies.
- 5 On they go from strength to strength,  
 Till they reach thy throne at length.  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee :  
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

## PSALM 85.

L. M.

*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh  
 To those that fear and trust the Lord ;  
 And grace, descending from on high,  
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
 Since Christ the Lord came down from  
 By his obedience, so complete, [heaven ;  
 Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
 Religion dwell on earth again,  
 And Heavenly influence bless the ground,  
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

- 4 Pure Righteousness, her healing wing  
 Expanding, down to earth descends,  
 Prepares thy way, Eternal King,  
 And all thy children's steps attends.

## PSALM 87. (8. 7.)

*The Glory of the Church.*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God ;  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode.  
 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With Salvation's wall surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove !  
 Who can faint, while such a river  
 Ever flows, their thirst t' assuage ?  
 Blessings, like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fail, from age to age.

## PSALM 89. C. M.

*The Blessedness of Believers.*

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know  
 The Gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the path they go,  
 And light their steps surround,
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
 Through their Redeemer's name ;  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

(50)

PSALM 90.

- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives :  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives !

PSALM 90. VERSION 1.

C. M.

*The Eternity of God.*

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure :  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard whilst life shall last,  
And our eternal home !

PSALM 90, 91.

(51)

PSALM 90. VERSION 2.

C. M.

*The Shortness of Life.*

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year !  
How swift the weeks complete their rounds !  
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life hath done  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass  
The swift-advancing year,  
And study artful ways, t' increase  
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,  
Its great concern to see,  
That I may act the Christian part,  
And give the year to thee !
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my ransom'd soul  
To joy that never dies.

PSALM 91.

C. M.

*The Saint's Security and Happiness.*

- 1 There is a safe and secret place,  
Beneath the wings divine,  
Reserv'd for all the heirs of grace ;—  
O be that refuge mine !



(52)

PSALM 92.

- 2 The feeblest saint may there abide  
Uninjur'd and unaw'd ;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,  
And aid with friendly arm ;  
And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,  
Of love and truth divine :  
O child of God ! O Glory's heir !  
How rich a lot is thine ;—
- 5 A hand Almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call ;  
An honour'd life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all !

PSALM 92. VERSION I. L. M.

*Praise for the Sabbath.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To shew thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No earthly care shall vex my breast :  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
His works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep his counsels—how divine !

PSALM 92.

(53)

- 4 Soon shall I see, and hear, and know,  
 All I desir'd or wish'd below,  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In the eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. VERSION 2. (7's.)

*The Pleasantness of Divine Worship.*

- 1 THOU, who art enthron'd above !  
 Thou, by whom we live and move !  
 O how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
 To resound thy praise in song !  
 When the morning paints the skies,  
 When the sparkling stars arise,  
 All thy favours to rehearse,  
 And give thanks in grateful verse !
- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,  
 When devotion fills the breast ;  
 When we dwell within thy House,  
 Hear thy word, and pay our vows ;  
 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,  
 Fill its courts with joyful praise ;  
 With repeated hymns proclaim  
 Great Jehovah's awful name.
- 3 From thy works our joys arise,  
 O thou only good and wise !  
 Who thy wonders can declare ?  
 How profound thy counsels are !—  
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire,  
 Grateful fervours still inspire ;  
 All our powers with all their might,  
 Ever in thy praise unite !

L. M.

## PSALM 93.

(104.)

*The Reign of Christ.*

- 1 YE servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name,—  
The name all-victorious  
Of JESUS extol !  
His Kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save ;  
And still he is nigh,  
His presence we have :  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Then let us adore,  
And give him his right,  
All glory and power  
And wisdom and might ;  
All honour and blessing  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
For infinite love.

## PSALM 95. VERSION 1.

L. M.

*Invitation to praise God.*

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;  
To him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs !

(104.)

- 2 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;  
The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command.
- 3 The rolling oceans vast abyss,  
By the same sov'reign right, is his ;  
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand  
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 4 O, let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there !  
For He's our God, our Shepherd he ;  
His flock and chosen sheep are we.

## -PSALM 95. VERSION 2.

S. M.

*Invitation to praise God.*

- 1 COME, sound His praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,  
The universal King.  
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah !
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And his the solid ground.  
Praise &c.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne !  
Come, bow before the Lord !  
We are his work, and not our own ;  
He form'd us by his word.  
Praise &c.

L. M.

(56)

PSALMS 96, 97.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, as the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God !  
Praise &c.

PSALM 96.

C. M.

*The Coming of Christ.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue !  
His new-discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations—Jesus reigns,  
God's own Almighty Son ;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea ;  
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,  
Prepare the Lord his way !
- 4 Behold, he comes ! He comes to bless  
The nations, as their God ;  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

PSALM 97.

L. M.

*Grace and Glory.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, exalted high,  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;  
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

- C. M.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name  
Hate every work of sin and shame !  
He guards his chosen people well,  
And saves them from the snares of hell.
  - 3 Immortal light, and joy unknown,  
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And a bright harvest bless our eyes.
  - 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord !  
None but the soul that feels his grace  
Can triumph in his holiness.

## PSALM 98.

C. M.

*The Advent of Christ.*

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
Let every creature sing !
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While seas and shores, rocks, hills, and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,  
With all her different tongues,  
And spread the honours of his name.  
In melody and songs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found.
- L. M.
- s feet,

(58)

PSALM 100.

- 5 He rules the world with truth and grace.  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 100. VERSION 2. L. M.

*Exhortation to Praise.*

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell ;  
Come ye before him and rejoice !
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;  
Without our aid he did us make :  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto :  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always ;  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ?—the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. VERSION 3. L. M.

*Exhortation to Praise.*

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise,  
Glad homage pay with hallow'd mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise :

- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed ;  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,  
And to his courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless !
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

## PSALM 100. VERSION 3. L. M.

*Praise to Jehovah.*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise,  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill-thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity is thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.



## PSALM 101.

C. M.

*Family Religion.*

- 1 MERCY and judgment I will sing ;  
I sing, O Lord, to thee !  
O, when wilt thou descend and bring  
Thy light and life to me ?
- 2 A perfect way by wisdom trod,  
A perfect heart at home,  
A way, a heart, a house, O God,  
I seek, where thou wilt come.
- 3 I'll seek the faithful and the just,  
And will their help enjoy ;  
These are the friends that I will trust,  
The servants I'll employ.
- 4 From lies, from slander, and deceit,  
My dwelling shall be free ;  
O may it be a dwelling meet,  
Most righteous Lord, for thee !

## PSALM 102.

L. M.

*Waiting for the Church's deliverance and glory.*

- 1 THOU God our Saviour shalt endure,  
Thy years unchang'd, Eternal Lord,  
Thy grace, through every age secure,  
And firm the promise of thy word.
- 2 Thou shalt arise, thy grace display,  
And Zion triumph in thy power ;  
Nor shall thy promis'd mercy stay  
Beyond thine own appointed hour.

C. M.

- 3 Thy servants for that mercy wait,  
And lift to thee their longing eyes,  
Weep o'er thy Judah's ruin'd state,  
And watch to see her glories rise.
- 4 O come, thou Universal Lord,  
Thy name let gentile nations fear,  
Till, by remotest kings ador'd,  
Thy glories through the earth appear !
- 5 Let Zion now thy praise repeat,  
Judah thy wond'rous grace record,  
And kingdoms, crowding round thy seat,  
Own thee their Saviour and their Lord !

## PSALM 103. VERSION 1. S. M.

*Thanksgiving.*

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue, to bless His name,  
Whose favours are divine !
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When rescued from the grave :  
He that redeem'd my soul from hell  
Hath sov'reign power to save.

L. M.

glory.

## PSALM 103. VERSION 2. (8.7.4)

*Praise.*

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,  
 To his feet thy tribute bring !  
 Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiven,  
 Who like thee his praise should sing ?  
 Praise him ! Praise him !  
 Praise the Everlasting King !
- 2 Father-like, he tends and spares us ;  
 Well our feeble frame he knows ;  
 In his hands he gently bears us ;  
 Rescues us from all our foes.  
 Praise him ! Praise him !  
 Widely as his mercy flows !
- 3 Angels, help us to adore him !  
 Ye behold him face to face :  
 All his works bow down before him,  
 Through the boundless realms of space !  
 Praise him ! Praise him !  
 Praise with us the God of grace !

## PSALM 103. VERSION 3. S. M.

*The abounding Compassion of God.*

- 1 MY soul, repeat His praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great ;  
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
 So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are rais'd  
 Above the ground we tread,  
 So far the riches of his grace  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

- (8. 7. 4)  
ven,  
ng ?
- 3 His power subdues our sins ;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning-flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure,  
And children's children ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

## PSALM 104. VERSION 1. (104)

*The Majesty of God.*

- pace !
- s. m.  
7.
- 1 My soul, praise the Lord,  
Speak good of his name ;  
O Lord, our great God,  
How dost thou appear !  
So passing in glory,  
That great is thy fame :  
Honour and majesty  
In thee shine most clear.
- 2 With light as a robe  
Thou hast thyself clad,  
Whereby all the earth  
Thy greatness may see :

(64)

PSALM 104.

The heavens in such sort  
Thou also hast spread,  
That they to a curtain  
Compared may be.

3 His chamber-beams lie  
In the clouds full sure,  
Which as his chariots  
Are made him to bear ;  
And there with much swiftmess  
His course doth endure,  
Upon the wings riding  
Of winds in the air.

4 He maketh his spirits  
As heralds to go,  
And lightnings to serve  
We see also prest ;  
His will to accomplish  
They run to and fro,  
To save or consume things,  
As seemeth him best.

PSALM 104. VERSION 2. (104)

*The Glory and Goodness of God.*

1 O worship the King,  
All glorious above !  
O gratefully sing  
His power and his love !  
2 Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of Days,  
Pavilion'd in splendour,  
And girded with praise.

PSALM 105.

(65)

2 The earth, with its store  
 Of wonders untold,  
 Almighty! thy power  
 Hath founded of old;  
 Hath establish'd it fast,  
 By a changeless decree,  
 And round it hath cast  
 Like a mantle the sea.

Thy bountiful care  
 What tongue can recite?  
 It breathes in the air,  
 It shines in the light;  
 It rains from the hills,  
 It descends to the plain,  
 And sweetly distils  
 In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,  
 And feeble as frail,  
 In Thee do we trust,  
 Nor find thee to fail:  
 Thy mercies how tender,  
 How firm to the end,  
 Our Maker, Defender,  
 Redeemer, and Friend!

PSALM 105.

C. M.

*Praise.*

1 O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,  
 Invoke his sacred name;  
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,  
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

F

(66)

PSALM 106.

- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns ;  
His wond'rous works rehearse ;  
Make them the theme of your discourse,  
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,  
Alone to be ador'd ;  
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy  
Who humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord ; his saving strength  
Devoutly still implore ;  
And, where he's ever present, seek  
His face for evermore.

PSALM 106.

L. M.

*Praise and Prayer.*

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal love,  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless ?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
Just tributes of immortal praise ?
- 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;—  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O may I worthy prove, to see  
Thy saints in full felicity ;  
That I the joyful choir may join,  
And count thy people's triumph mine.

*The Providence of God.*

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide ;  
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And live in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will ;  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to thee.



## PSALM 108.

C. M.

*Praise.*

- 1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent  
To magnify thy name ;  
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise  
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute ! nor thou, my harp,  
Thy choicest notes delay ;  
While I with early hymns of joy  
Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,  
Thy wonders I will tell ;  
And to those nations sing thy praise  
That round about me dwell :
- 4 Because thy mercý's boundless height  
The highest heaven transcends,  
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds,  
Thy faithfulness extends.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high  
Above the starry frame ;  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess thy glorions name.
- 6 That all thy chosen people, Thee  
Their Saviour may declare,  
Let thy right hand protect us still,  
And answer thou our prayer !

PSALMS 110, 111. (69)

PSALM 110. (148.)

*Christ, King and Priest.*

- 1 ALL hail, victorious Lord,  
At God's right-hand above,  
Triumphant o'er thy foes,  
Triumphant in thy love !  
To thee our joyful songs we bring ;  
To thee we bow, all-conq'ring King.
- 2 All hail, exalted Priest !  
To thee our all we give,  
Enthron'd above the skies,  
All homage to receive !  
There deign in our behalf to plead ;  
Yea, there for ever intercede !

PSALM 111. L. M.

*Praise.*

- 1 Praise ye the Lord ! Our God to praise  
My soul her utmost powers shall raise :  
With private friends, and in the throng  
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
- 2 His bounty, like a flowing tide,  
Hath all his people's wants supplied :  
His truth, confirm'd, through ages past,  
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 3 Just are the dealings of his hands :  
Immutable are his commands :  
He sets his saints from bondage free ;  
O may his grace deliver me !

(70) PSALMS 112, 113.

PSALM 112.

L. M.

*The Security of the Godly.*

- 1 BLEST is the man who knows the Lord,  
Who joys to work his holy will :  
He rests on God's unchanging word,  
And finds it food and counsel still.
- 2 In prosp'rous times, when Satan tries, [ers,  
The Lord shall strengthen nature's pow-  
And light break in, with sweet surprise,  
To cheer affliction's darkest hours.
- 3 God's image in his child we see ;  
He feels for others' woe and pain ;  
And, loving all around him, he  
Is lov'd himself by God again.
- 4 His heart is fix'd : he learns to rise  
Above this world of sin and tears,  
And, strong in One above the skies,  
To smile at earthly foes and fears.

PSALM 113.

(113.)

*Majesty and Condescension of God.*

- 1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,  
The triumphs of his name record,  
His sacred name for ever bless :  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great name address !

- 2 God through the world extends his sway ;  
 The regions of eternal day  
 But shadows of his glories are.  
 With him, whose Majesty excels,  
 Who made the heaven in which he dwells,  
 Let no created power compare.
- 3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view  
 In highest heaven what angels do,  
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :  
 He takes the needy from his cell,  
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,  
 Companion to the greatest there.

## PSALM 115.

L. M.

*Confidence in God.*

- 1 NOT unto us, Almighty Lord,  
 But to thyself the glory be !  
 Created by thy awful word,  
 We only live to honour thee.
- 2 "Where is your God?" the heathen cry,  
 And bow to senseless wood and stone.  
 Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,  
 And calls ten thousand worlds his own.
- 3 Who lean on him, from strength to strength,  
 From light to light, shall onward move,  
 Till through the grave they pass at length,  
 To sing on high his saving love.

(72)

PSALM 116.

PSALM 116. PART 1. C. M.

*Praise for Recovery from Sickness.*

- 1 I LOVE the Lord ;—he heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan :  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : he bow'd his ear,  
And chas'd my griefs away :  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray !
- 3 " My God," I cried, " thy servant save,  
" Thou ever good and just !  
" Thy power can rescue from the grave,  
" Thy power is all my trust."
- 4 The Lord beheld me sore distress,  
He bade my pains remove :  
Return, my soul, to God, thy Rest,  
For thou hast known his love !
- 5 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears :  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. PART 2. L. M.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, and sweetly rest  
On thy Almighty Father's breast ;  
The bounties of his grace adore,  
And count his wond'rous mercies o'er !

- 2 Thy mercy, Lord, preserv'd my breath,  
And snatch'd my fainting soul from death,  
Remov'd my sorrows, dried my tears,  
And sav'd me from surrounding snares.
- 3 What shall I render to the Lord,  
Or how his wond'rous grace record ?  
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,  
With just thanksgivings to his praise.
- 4 His crowded courts shall see me pay  
The vows of my distressful day :  
In life, and death, the saints shall find  
Their guardian God for ever kind.
- 5 O Sion ! in thy sacred courts,  
Where glory dwells, and joy resorts,  
To notes divine I'll tune the song,  
And praise shall flow from every tongue.

## PSALM 117.

L. M.

*Praise from all the Earth.*

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## PSALM 118.

C. M.

*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own :  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

(74)

PSALM 119.

- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to th' Anointed King,  
To David's Holy Son!  
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring  
Salvation from the throne!
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God the Father's name,  
To save our sinful race!
- 5 Hosannah, in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise!  
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 119. VERSION 1. 7's.

*The Law of God.*

- 1 DEARER, Lord, thy statutes far  
Than the world's best treasures are:  
Gold or jewels I esteem  
Dross and dust, compar'd with them.
- 2 Like a lamp, where'er I stray,  
Shining bright upon my way,  
Let thy truth and lively word  
Still its quick'ning light afford!

PSALM 119. VERSION 2. C. M.

*Following after Holiness.*

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will!

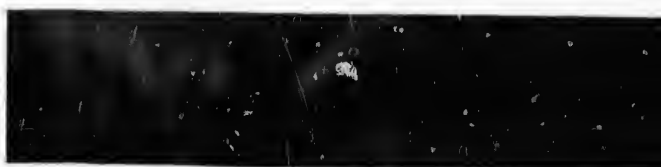
- 2 Lord, send thy Spirit down, to write  
 Thy law upon my heart :  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act the liar's part !
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
 Let no corrupt design,  
 Nor covetous desires arise  
 Within this soul of mine !
- 4 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
 My feet too often slip ;  
 Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,  
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep !
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands !  
 'Tis a delightful road ;—  
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
 Offend against my God !

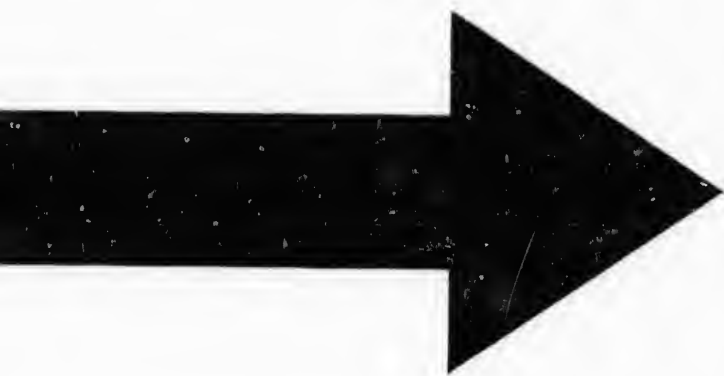
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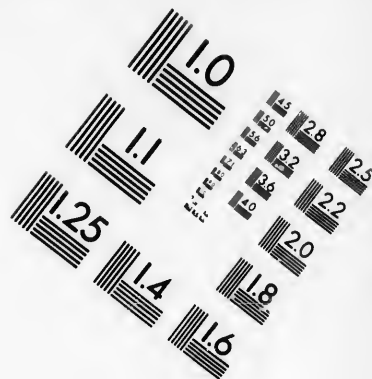
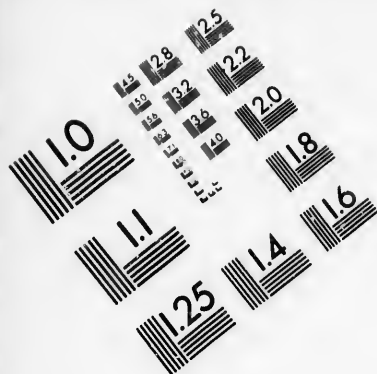
*The Excellency of the Word.*

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
 My lasting heritage ;  
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,  
 And keep thy laws in sight,  
 While through the promises I rove  
 With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
 Where springs of life arise,  
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
 And hidden glory lies.

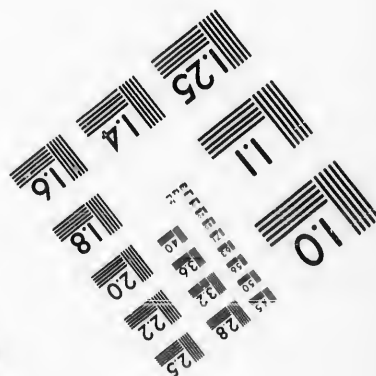
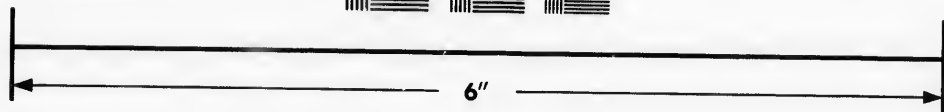
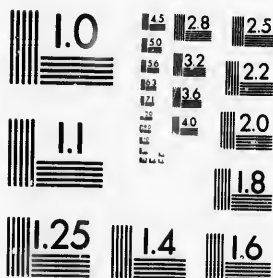








**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest,  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119. VERSION 4. C. M.

*The quickening influence of the Word.*

- 1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust :  
Lord give me life divine ;  
From vain desires and every lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine !
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,  
To speed me in thy way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quick'ning powers ;  
Thy word, that I have rested on,  
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,  
And thou a faithful God ?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,  
To run the heavenly road ?
- 5 Then shall I love thy Gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quick'ning power  
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. VERSION 5. L. M.

*Afflictions sanctified by the Word.*

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy word,  
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !  
It guides me in the peaceful way,  
I think upon it all the day.

- M.
- 2 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,  
In pleasure's path secure I stray'd ;  
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,  
And straight I turn'd unto my God.
- 3 What, though it pierc'd my fainting heart,  
I bless thy hand, that caus'd the smart ;  
It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But sav'd me from eternal woe.
- 4 I love thee, therefore, O my God !  
And breathe towards thy dear abode,  
Where in thy presence fully blest,  
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

## PSALM 119. VERSION 6. L. M.

*Afflictions sanctified.*

- M.
- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;  
How kind was thy chastising rod,  
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;  
I left my guide, and lost my way ;  
But now I love and keep thy word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I may learn his statutes well.
- 4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy spirit form'd my soul within :  
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin !

- 5 Then all that love and fear the Lord  
 At my salvation shall rejoice ;  
 For I have hoped in thy word,  
 And made thy grace my only choice.

## PSALM 121.

C. M.

*Protection at home and abroad.*

- 1 TO Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,  
 From thence expecting aid ;  
 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,  
 Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 Thou then, my soul, in safety rest ;  
 Thy Guardian will not sleep ;  
 His watchful care, that Israel guards,  
 Will thee in safety keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,  
 Thou shalt securely rest,  
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
 By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
 Thy God shall thee defend,  
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,  
 Safe to thy journey's end.

## PSALM 122. VERSION 1. 8.8.6.

*The Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,  
 That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,  
 Thy presence to adore ;  
 My feet the summons shall attend,  
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,  
 And tread the sacred floor.

- 2 E'en now to our enraptur'd eyes  
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;  
By faith, with glad survey,  
We view her mansions, that contain  
Th' angelic forms, a glorious train,  
And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,  
Lo ! the redeem'd of God ascend,  
Their off'rings thither bring ;  
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
And hail th' immortal King.

PSALM 122. VERSION 2. C. M.  
*Public Worship.*

- 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day !"
- 2 Peace be within that sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest ;  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blest !
- 3 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 123.

S. M.

*Waiting on the Lord.*

- 1 TO Thee I lift my eyes ;  
O God, my prayer attend !  
O Thou, that dwell'st above the skies,  
Help to thy servant send !



- 2 Thy faithful servant, Lord,  
 May I observant stand,  
 Waiting for all thou dost afford,  
 And quiet in thy hand !
- 3 Teach me to do thy will !  
 My eyes are fix'd on thee,  
 Thy holy pleasure to fulfill,  
 To suffer or obey.
- 4 Though scorn'd, despis'd, unknown,  
 Still thou wilt strength afford :  
 I look for help to thee alone ;  
 Have mercy on me, Lord !

## PSALM 125.

C. M.

*The security of the Righteous.*

- 1 WHO place on Sion's God their trust,  
 Like Sion's rock shall stand,  
 Fix'd and upheld, immoveably,  
 By an Almighty hand.
- 2 Look how the hills on every side  
 Jerusalem enclose !  
 So stands the Lord around his saints,  
 To guard them from their foes.
- 3 Afflictions may be theirs awhile,  
 But cannot long oppress ;  
 His smile shall turn them now to good,  
 And all at last redress.
- 4 The wicked shall not prosper long,  
 Beneath their Maker's frown ;  
 And the same hour that wrecks their hopes  
 Shall bring his saints their crown.

## PSALM 126.

C. M.

*The joy of deliverance from sin.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus to my rescue came,  
And set my spirit free,  
It seem'd at first some happy dream.  
Of all I long'd to see.
- 2 My heart with raptures sweet and strange,  
My lips with songs o'erflow'd;  
And all around beheld the change,  
And own'd the hand of God. [done.]
- 3 "The Lord," they said, "great things hath  
"Yea, things," I cried, "divine."  
Then perfect, Lord, thy work begun,  
And make me wholly thine!
- 4 Thrice happy they in tears that sow,  
To reap in joy and love,  
That drop their seed on earth below,  
And find their sheaves above.

C. M.

## PSALM 130.

S. M.

*Waiting for the Lord.*

- 1 My soul with patience waits  
For thee, the living Lord;  
My hopes are on thy promise built,  
Thy never-failing word.
- 2 My longing eyes look out  
For thine enliv'ning ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God;  
No bounds his mercy knows, [whence  
The plenteous source and spring from  
Eternal succour flows.

hopes

## PSALM 131.

7's.

*A child-like spirit.*

- 1 LORD! if thou thy grace impart,  
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
 I shall, as my Master, be  
 Rooted in humility,
- 2 From the time that Thee I know,  
 Nothing great I'd seek below :  
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,  
 Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
 Humble as a little child,  
 Every evil let me flee ;  
 Father, fix my soul on thee !
- 4 O that all may seek and find  
 Every good in Jesus join'd !  
 Him let Israel still adore,  
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

## PSALM 132.

C. M.

*Christ's Presence with his Church.*

- 1 ARISE, O King of Grace, arise,  
 And enter to thy rest !  
 Thy Church expects, with longing eyes,  
 Thy presence to be blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
 Thy Spirit and thy Word !  
 All that the ark did once contain  
 Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, Mighty God, accept our vows ;  
 Here let thy praise be spread ;  
 Bless the provisions of thy House,  
 And fill thy poor with bread !

## PSALM 133.

7's.

*Brotherly Love.*

- 1 'TIS a pleasant thing to see  
Brethren in the Lord agree,  
Children of a God of love  
Live as they shall live above,  
Acting each a Christian part,  
One in lip, and one in heart.
- 2 As the precious ointment, shed  
Upon Aaron's hallow'd head,  
Downward through his garment stole,  
Scattering odours o'er the whole ;  
So, from our High Priest above,  
To his Church flows heavenly love.
- 3 Gently as the dews distil  
Down on Zion's holy hill,  
Dropping gladness where they fall,  
Bright'ning and refreshing all ;  
Such is Christian union, shed  
Through the members, from the Head.

## PSALM 134.

104

*Public Worship.*

- 1 YE servants of God,  
Whose diligent care  
Is ever employ'd  
In watching and prayer,  
With praises unceasing  
Your Saviour proclaim,  
Rejoicing, and blessing  
His excellent name.

- 2 'Tis Jesus commands :  
 Approach to his House,  
 And lift up your hands,  
 And pay him your vows :  
 And while you are giving  
 Your Maker his due,  
 The Lord, out of heaven,  
 Shall sanctify you.

## PSALM 135.

L. M.

*The Majesty of God.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,  
 Above all power and every throne ;  
 Whate'er He please in earth or sea,  
 Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,  
 Thy lightnings flash, the thunders roar ;  
 He pours the rain, he brings the wind,  
 And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,  
 O Egypt, through thy stubborn land,  
 When all the first-born of thy sons  
 Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares  
 His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;  
 He gives his suffering servants rest,  
 And will be known th' *Almighty God*.

## PSALM 136. VERSION 1. L. M.

*Praise and Adoration.*

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise,  
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- L. M. 4 He fills the sun with morning-light,  
He bids the moon direct the night :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son, with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

## PSALM 136. VERSION 2.

7's.

*Praise and Adoration.*

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord ; for he is kind :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made world with light :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 3 All things living he doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless,  
In the wasteful wilderness :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Look'd upon our misery :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord ; for he is kind :  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## PSALM 137.

S. M.

*The Heavenly Home.*

- 1 FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my father's breast,  
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,  
And speed me to my rest!"
- 2 Upon the willows, long  
My harp has silent hung :  
How should I sing a cheerful song,  
Till thou inspire my tongue ?
- 3 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee :  
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

- 4 To thee, to thee, I press,  
A dark and toilsome road ;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode ?

## PSALM 138.

L. M.

*Restoring Grace celebrated.*

- 1 TO God I cried, when troubles rose ;  
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;  
He did my rising fears controul,  
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word :  
Not all thy works and names below  
So much thy power and glory show.
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins ;  
The work that Wisdom undertakes  
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

## PSALM 139. PART 1.

L. M.

*Omnipresence of God.* [known

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search, hast  
My rising up and lying down ;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.



- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts and private ways :  
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,  
My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 3 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light :  
If down to hell's infernal plains,  
There thy Almighty vengeance reigns.
- 4 If I the morning's wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the Western main,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest the fugitive.
- 5 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the sable wings of night,  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.

PSALM 139. PART 2. L. M.

- 1 COULD I, O Lord, so faithless be,  
To think of once deserting thee,  
Where, where could I thy influence shun ?  
O whither from thy presence run ?
- 2 Surrounded by thy power, I stand ;  
On every side I find thy hand ;  
And every member of my frame  
Bespeaks the source from whence it came.
- 3 Search, try, O Thou, that know'st my heart,  
What ill there lurks in every part ;  
Correct me when I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way !

## PSALM 142.

L. M.

*God the hope of the helpless.*

- 1 TO thee, O Lord, in deep distress,  
To thee my suppliant soul would press !  
Ill can my burden'd spirit plead ;  
But thou its untold wish canst read.
- 2 I walk 'mid snares on every side,  
No voice to cheer, no hand to guide ;  
A lonely, dark, and rugged road,  
But not unknown to thee, my God.
- 3 When earthly helpers fail or flee,  
How sweet to turn, O Lord, to thee,  
And find, in thy exhaustless love,  
My rest below, my hope above !
- 4 O hear, and set my spirit free  
From foes and chains too strong for me !  
My drooping hopes refresh and raise,  
And fill my heart with thankful praise.

## PSALM 143.

L. M.

*Prayer under spiritual dejection.*

- 1 HEAR me, O Father, from above,  
In mercy hear me and in love !  
For, in the scales of justice tried,  
None living shall be justified.
- 2 Dark vexing thoughts my soul surround ;  
My strength is smitten to the ground ;  
As if entomb'd beneath the weight,  
My heart lies crush'd and desolate.

(90) PSALMS 144, 145.

- 3 Yet, though with fear and anguish fraught,  
I call to mind what God hath wrought,  
Thy wonders in the days of old,  
Thy mercies great and manifold.
- 4 O save me, and instruct my heart  
To choose in thee the better part ;  
Subdue me to thy holy will,  
And guide me home to Sion's hill !

PSALM 144.

L. M.

*Deliverance from National Enemies.*

- 1 BLEST be the Lord, our strength and shield,  
Amid the dangers of the field,  
Whose power prepares us for the fight,  
And arms us with resistless might.
- 2 Still, Lord, thy presence interpose,  
And save us from our threat'ning foes ;  
Our efforts bless, our strength increase,  
And crown our land with joy and peace !
- 3 O happy people, favour'd state,  
On whom such ample blessings wait !  
Thrice blest who on the Lord depend,  
Their God, their guardian, and their friend.

PSALM 145.

C. M.

*The Goodness of God.*

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my Heavenly King !  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.

## PSALM 146.

(91)

- 2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
 On thee for daily food ;  
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
 How slow thine anger moves !  
 How soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
 To cheer the souls he loves !
- 4 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;  
 And saints, who taste thy richer grace,  
 Delight to bless thy name.

## PSALM 146.

113.

*Praise.*

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
 While life and thought and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
 Princes must die, and turn to dust :  
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood :  
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power,  
 And thoughts, all vanish in an hour ;  
 Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
 On Israel's God ;—He made the sky,  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :  
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;  
 His truth for ever stands secure,  
 And none shall find his promise vain.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
 While life and thought and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

## PSALM 147.

C. M.

*Praise for Fruitful Seasons.*

- 1 WITH songs, and honours, sounding loud,  
 Address the Lord on high :  
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,  
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessing down,  
 To cheer the plains below :  
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
 Descend, and clothe the ground ;  
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
 In icy fetters bound.
- 4 He sends his word, and melts the snow,  
 The fields no longer mourn :  
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
 And bids the spring return.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
 Obey his mighty word :  
 With songs, and honours, sounding loud,  
 Praise ye the Sovereign Lord !

## PSALM 148. VERSION 1. 148.

*Praise from all Creatures.*

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy  
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;  
 His praise your song employ,  
 Above the starry frame !  
 Your voices raise, Ye Cherubim,  
 And Seraphim, To sing hispraise !
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
 And sun, that guid'st the day,  
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
 To him your homage pay !  
 His praise declare, Ye heavens above,  
 And clouds that move In liquid air !
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
 And praise his holy name,  
 By whose Almighty word  
 They all from nothing came :  
 And all shall last From changes free  
 His firm decree Stands ever fast.
- 4 His chosen saints to grace,  
 He sets them up on high ;  
 And favours Israel's race,  
 Who still to him are nigh.  
 O therefore raise Your grateful voice,  
 And still rejoice, The Lord to praies !

## PSALM 148. VERSION 2. 8. 7.

*Universal Praise.*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him !  
Praise him, angels, in the height !  
Sun and moon rejoice before him !  
Praise him all ye stars and light !
- 2 Praise the Lord in glory seated,  
Heaven, and earth, and sea, and land !  
At his word ye were created,  
By his powerful strength ye stand.
- 3 Praise the God of our salvation !  
Hosts on high his power proclaim !  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Praise and magnify his name !

## PSALM 149.

104.

*Universal Praise.*

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,  
Prepare your glad voice  
His praise in the great  
Assembly to sing !  
In Christ the Redeemer  
Let Israel rejoice,  
And children of Sion  
Be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great name  
Extol in their songs ;  
With well-tuned hearts  
His praises express ;

8. 7.

Who listens with pleasure  
To hear their glad tongues,  
And waits with salvation  
The humble to bless.

- 3 With glory adorn'd  
His people shall sing,  
To God, who their heads  
With safety doth shield ;  
Such honour and triumph  
His favour shall bring ;  
O therefore for ever  
All praise to him yield !

PSALM 150. VERSION 1. 8. 7.

*Universal Praise.*

104.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns in heaven,  
Yet will deign to dwell below ;  
Praise be to him ever given,  
Thankful all his goodness show.  
Praise him for his great compassion,  
Praise him for his matchless power ;  
Him, from whom proceeds salvation,  
All in heaven and earth adore !
- 2 Him let all the creatures living,  
Source of their existence, sing,  
Glory to their Maker giving,  
Humblest homage to their King !  
See his bounty's copious treasures  
All their varying wants supply ;  
Praise his name in sweetest measures,  
All beneath, above the sky !



## PSALM 150. VERSION 2. 12.11.

*Universal Praise.*

1 SING praises to God, in full harmony joining,  
Ye mortals below, and ye seraphs above;  
Thro' earth, and thro' air, let your accents, com-  
bining,  
Extol the great acts of his power and his love!

2 O praise him aloud, in the full-sounding measures  
That trumpets and organs symphonious inspire;  
Let lutes lend their sweetness to those holy plea-  
sures,  
And deeply devout be the strains of the lyre!

3 Be vocal, ye mute, to the Lord of Creation,  
In echoes your tribute of gratitude raise;  
And all that have breath, in sublime adoration,  
The breath that he gave you employ in his  
praise!

END OF THE PSALMS.

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# HYMNS.

## CLASS I.—THE PERFECTIONS AND PRAISES OF GOD.

### 1. HALLELUJAH. (7's.)

*Praise ye the Lord.*

- 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord ! Hallelujah !  
Live by heaven and earth ador'd ! Hal.  
Full of thee they ever cry, Hal.  
"Glory be to God on high !" Hal.
- 2 Thee to laud, in songs divine, Hal.  
Angels and archangels join : Hal.  
We with them our voices raise, Hal.  
Echoing thy eternal praise. Hal.

### 2. "TE DEUM." (L.M.)

*Let the heaven and earth praise him.—Ps. lxxix. 34.*

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Lord !  
We praise thy name with one accord :  
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,  
Through all the world do worship thee.
- 2 To thee aloud all angels cry,  
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
The heavens, and all the Powers therein.
- 3 The Apostles join the glorious throng ;  
The Prophets swell th' immortal song ;  
The Martyrs' noble army raise  
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

(100)

HYMNS 3, 4.

4 Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King!  
Thee, O Lord God of Hosts! they sing:  
Thus earth below and heaven above  
Resound thy glory and thy love.

3. PRAISE TO JEHOVAH. (7's.)

*I will praise the name of God with a song, and will  
magnify him with thanksgiving,—Ps. lxi. 30.*

1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,  
While Jehovah's praise we sing!  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!  
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,  
Still our hallelujahs hear!  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When with saints above we sing.

3 Lead us to that blissful state  
Where thou reign'st supremely great;  
Look with pity from thy throne;  
Send thy Holy Spirit down.

4 While on earth ordain'd to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way,  
Till we come to reign with thee,  
And thy glorious greatness see!

4. THE HOLY TRINITY. (P. M.)

*Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! which was,  
and is, and is to come!—Rev. iv. 8.*

1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee,  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy  
sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! tho' the darkness hide thee,  
'Tho' the eye of sinful man 'hy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and  
sky, and sea:  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

5. PRAISE TO THE HOLY TRINITY. (L.M.)

*God loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation  
for our sins.—1 John iv. 10.*

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe,  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below!
- 2 Glory to Thee, Great Son of God,  
Forth from whose wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls!
- 3 We give thee, Sacred Spirit, praise,  
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,  
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, we adore,  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Unfathom'd, and without a shore.

## 6. PRAISE TO THE HOLY TRINITY. (7's.)

*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.—Ps. xcii. 1.*

- 1 GREAT the joy, the union sweet,  
 When the saints together meet ;  
 When, their theme of praise the same,  
 They exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
 Such as did the Father move ;  
 He beheld the world undone,  
 Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love ;  
 How he left the realms above,  
 Took our nature and our place,  
 Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;  
 With our stubborn hearts he strove,  
 Chas'd the mists of sin away,  
 Turn'd our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,  
 When the saints in glory meet ;  
 Where the theme is still the same,  
 Where they sing Jehovah's name.

## 7. PRAISE TO THE HOLY TRINITY. (148)

*Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through the sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.—*

1 Pet. i. 2.

- 1 WE give immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love,  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And better hopes above :  
 He sent his own Eternal Son  
 To die for sins that man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood,  
From everlasting woe :  
And now he lives, and now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live ;  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless honour done,  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One !  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
Their faith prevails, and love adores.

## 8. BENEDICTION OF THE HOLY TRINITY. (L.M.)

*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God,  
and the communion of the Holy Ghost.—2 Cor. xiii. 14.*

- 1 FATHER of Heaven ! whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found ;  
Before thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us thy pard'ning love extend !
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !  
Before thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us thy saving grace extend !
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath  
The soul is rais'd from sin and death ;  
Before thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us thy quick'ning power extend !

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(148)  
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- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, pardon, life to us extend !

9. PRAYER TO THE HOLY TRINITY. (7's.)

*Yield yourselves to God.*—Rom. iv. 13.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done !  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !
- 2 If a worm so mean as I  
Can thy glory, Lord, forth shew,  
All my actions sanctify,  
And my inmost soul renew :  
Claim me for thy service !—claim  
All I have, and all I am !
- 3 Take my undivided self—  
Mind, and memory, and will ;  
Time, and property, and health,  
Make them all thy praise fulfil !  
What I would I cannot do ;  
Lord, create my heart anew !
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One !  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done !  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

10.

## PRAISE EVERLASTING.

(7's.)

*His praise endureth for ever.—Ps. cxi. 10.*

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Here below, with heart and voice,  
Saints in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning still by faith and love  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon the latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

11. THANKSGIVING FOR THE INNUMERABLE  
MERCIES OF GOD. (L. M.)

*What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits  
towards me?—Ps. cxvi. 12.*

- 1 IN glad amazement, Lord, I stand,  
Amidst the bounties of thy hand ;  
How numberless those bounties are !  
How rich, how various, and how fair !

- 2 But, O ! what poor returns I make !  
 What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !  
 Lord, I confess, with humble shame,  
 My off'rings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise  
 To bring some nobler sacrifice :  
 It sinks beneath the mighty load :—  
 What shall I render to my God ?
- 4 To him I consecrate my praise,  
 And vow the remnant of my days ;  
 Yet when at best can I pretend  
 Worthy such gifts from such a friend ?
- 5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see  
 My emptiness and poverty :  
 Enrich my soul with grace divine,  
 And make it worthier to be thine !
- 6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,  
 That heaven may echo with my song :  
 The theme, too great for time, shall be  
 The joy of long eternity.

12.

THANKSGIVING.

(C. M.)

*I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name  
 of the Lord.—Ps. cxvi. 12, 13.*

- 1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,  
 Which daily I receive  
 From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
 My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine  
 What can I bring him forth ?  
 My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,  
 My all is nothing worth.

- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
 For all he has bestow'd,—  
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
 And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,  
 So wretched and so poor,  
 Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,  
 And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought,  
 No works have I to boast:  
 Yet would I glory in the thought,  
 That I shall owe him most.

13.

## THANKSGIVING.

(C. M.)

*In every thing give thanks.—1 Thes. v. 18.*

- 1 FATHER of Mercies, let our songs  
 With thee acceptance find !  
 Thy loving-kindness we confess,  
 To us and all mankind.
- 2 Thanks for creation are thy due,  
 For life preserv'd by thee,  
 And all the blessings life affords,  
 So great, and yet so free.
- 3 Thanks for Redemption above all,  
 To us in Jesus given :  
 Thanks for the means of grace on earth,  
 And for the hope of heaven.
- 4 O Let a sense of this thy grace  
 Our best affections move,  
 That while our lips thy praise proclaim  
 Our hearts may feel thy love !

- 5 Lord, may we give ourselves to thee,  
 And, walking in thy ways,  
 In righteousness and holiness  
 Obey thee all our days !

14.           MERCIES ACKNOWLEDGED.   (S. M.)

*I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant.—Gen. xxxii. 10.*

- 1   LESS than the least of all  
 Thy mercies, Lord, are we ;  
 Yet for the greatest we may call ;  
 The greatest are most free.
- 2   Thy Son thou didst not spare,  
 Yet us thou sparest still ;  
 Him didst thou send our guilt to bear,  
 Our righteousness fulfil.
- 3   For such amazing grace  
 What can poor sinners give ?  
 At thy command we seek thy face ;  
 We meet our Judge, and live.
- 4   The world we would forsake,  
 Our all to thee resign ;  
 O save us for thy mercies' sake !  
 O save us,—we are thine !
- 5   Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,  
 Who seek our home above,  
 Thee may we serve with holy fear,  
 And love with childlike love.

## 15. EXTENT OF THE DIVINE GOODNESS. (L.M.)

*The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.—Ps. cxlv. 9.*

- 1 IN busy marts and crowded street,  
No less than in the still retreat,  
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless,  
With all a father's tenderness :
- 2 And every moment still doth bring  
Thy blessings on its loaded wing :  
Widely they spread through earth and sky,  
And last to all eternity.
- 3 Through all creation let thy name  
Be echoed with a glad acclaim :  
Thy praise let grateful churches sing ;  
With praise let heaven for ever ring !
- 4 And we, where'er our lot is cast,  
While life and thought and feeling last,  
Through all our years, in every place,  
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace.

## 16. GOD'S GOODNESS IN ALL THINGS. (C.M.)

*I have set the Lord always before me.—Ps. xvi. 8.*

- 1 FATHER in all our comforts here,  
Thy gracious hand we see ;  
Each blessing to our souls more dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,  
To thee our thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er our life has flow'd ;  
That mercy we adore.
- 3 When gladness wings our favour'd hour  
Thy love our thoughts shall fill ;  
Resign'd; when storms of sorrow lour,  
Our souls shall meet thy will.

- 4 In every joy that crowns our days,  
 In every pain we bear,  
 Our hearts shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in prayer.

17. GOD THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS. (C. M.)

*Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me!*—Ps. iv. 6.

- 1 MY God, the source of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights ;
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun ;  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
 And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,  
 With beams of sacred bliss ;  
 While Jesus shews his love is mine,  
 And whispers, I am his.

18. PRAISE FOR TEMPORAL BLESSINGS. (L. M.)

*For every creature of God is good,—if it be received with thanksgiving.*—1 Tim. iv. 4.

- 1 We praise thee, Lord, for every good,  
 For life, and health, and daily food :  
 O grant us thankful hearts, to take  
 All that thou giv'st for Jesus' sake !
- 2 And may our souls be daily fed  
 With Christ, the true and living Bread,  
 Till in thy presence, Lord, we taste,  
 With saints above, a nobler feast !

CLASS II.—THE ADVENT, SUFFERINGS, RESURRECTION AND SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

19. THE ADVENT OF CHRIST. (8.7.)

(See Psalms 96, 98.)

*The Desire of all Nations shall come.*—Hag. ii. 7.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free ;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee !  
Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth thou art,  
Dear desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver ;  
Born a child, and yet a king ;  
Born to reign in us for ever ;  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring !  
By thine own Eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to thy glorious throne !

20. ADVENT. (C. M.)

*The Day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death.*—Luke i. 78.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.



- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and, O amazing love !  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak !
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold :—  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

21.

ADVENT

(C. M.)

*The Lord hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind.—Luke iv. 18.*

- 1 HARK, the glad sound! The Saviour comes!  
The Saviour promis'd long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him break,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from darkest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyelids of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the riches of his grace  
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad Hosannahs, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name!

22. PRAISE FOR THE INCARNATION. (7's.)

*They shall call his name Immanuel; which, being interpreted, is, 'God with us.'—Matt. i. 23.*

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's name;  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To his birth, and cross, and shame!
- 2 When he came, the angels sung  
"Glory be to God on high!"  
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue!  
Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,  
That he might the Law fulfil,  
Bleed and suffer in my room?  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No; I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are, and weak;  
For, should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak!
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—  
Every precious name in one—  
I will love thee without end!

23.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

(7's)

*Glory to God in the highest ; and on earth peace, good  
will toward men.—Luke ii. 14.*

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,  
“ Glory to the new-born King ;  
“ Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
“ God and sinners reconcil'd !”
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
“ Christ is born in Bethlèhem !”
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb !
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity !  
Pleas'd as man with man t' appear,  
Jesus, our Immanuel here !
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth ;  
Born to give them second birth.

24.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

(C. M.)

*And the angel said, Unto you is born this day a Sa-  
viour.—Luke ii. 11.*

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join th' angelic throng ;  
The angels no such love have known  
As we, to wake their song.

- (7's)  
ce, good
- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shewn,  
And peace on earth is given ;  
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes  
With messages from heaven.
  - 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn :  
Let heaven and earth in concert join,  
" The promis'd child is born."
  - 4 Glory to God in highest strains  
By highest worlds is paid ;  
Be glory then by us proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd.
  - 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,  
Where Christ exalted reigns,  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains ?

25.

## NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

(7's.)

Unto us a child is born ; unto us a Son is given ; &c.  
Isaiah ix. 6.

- (C. M.)  
lay a Sa-  
s,  
n
- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,  
For to us a child is born ;  
From the highest realms of heaven  
Unto us a Son is given.
  - 2 On his shoulder He shall bear  
Power and majesty : and wear  
On his vesture and his thigh,  
Names most awful, names most high.
  - 3 Wonderful in counsel, He,  
The incarnate Deity,  
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,  
King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.

- 4 Come, and worship at his feet ;  
 Yield to Christ the homage meet ;  
 From his manger to his throne,  
 Homage due to God alone !

26. NATIVITY OF CHRIST. (8.7.4)

*Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we are  
 come to worship him.—Matt. ii. 2.*

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth !  
 Ye who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth !  
 Come, and worship ;  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night !  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the infant-light.  
 Come, and worship ;  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions learn afar ;  
 Seek the great Desire of nations !  
 Ye have seen his natal star.  
 Come, and worship ;  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !
- 4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,  
 Justice now revokes the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains !  
 Come, and worship ;  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King !

27.

## THE EPIPHANY.

(7's.)

*We have seen his star in the East, and are come to  
worship him.—Matt. ii. 2.*

- 1 SONS of men, behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected Star,—  
Jacob's Star, that gilds the night,  
Guides bewilder'd nature right!
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death,  
Scattering error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, far off and near,  
Haste to see your God appear!  
Haste! for him your hearts prepare;  
Meet him manifested there!
- 4 There behold the Dayspring rise,  
Pouring light upon your eyes;  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day!
- 5 Sing, ye morning-stars again,  
God descends on earth to reign,  
Deigns for man his life t' employ!  
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

28.

## THE EPIPHANY.

(8.7.)

*In Christ Jesus, ye (Gentiles), who sometimes were far  
off, are made nigh.—Eph. ii. 13.*

- 1 HAIL, thou Source of every blessing,  
Sov'reign Father of mankind!  
Gentiles now, thy grace possessing,  
In thy courts admission find;

- Grateful, now we fall before thee,  
 In thy church obtain a place,  
 Now by faith behold thy glory,  
 Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.
- 2 Once far off, but now invited,  
 We approach thy sacred throne;  
 In thy covenant united,  
 Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.  
 Now reveal'd to Eastern sages,  
 See the Star of mercy shine!  
 Mystery, hid in former ages,  
 Mystery great of love divine.
- 3 Hail, thou all-inviting Saviour,  
 Gentiles now their off'rings bring;  
 In thy temple seek thy favour,  
 Jesus Christ, our Lord and King!  
 May we, body, soul, and spirit,  
 Live devoted to thy praise,  
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,  
 Grateful anthems ever raise!

29.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(C. M.)

(See Psalm 22.)

*There was darkness over all the earth, until the ninth  
 hour — Luke xxiii. 44.*

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sov'reign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for sins that I had done  
 He groan'd upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree.

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
 While his sad cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt my eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away!  
 'Tis all that I can do.

30.

## DEATH OF CHRIST.

(8.7.4.)

*Jesus said, "It is finished!" and he bowed his head,  
 and gave up the ghost.—John xix. 30.*

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!  
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour's cry!
- 2 "It is finish'd!" O what triumph  
 Do these joyful words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Saints, his dying words record!
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Strike them to Immanuel's name!  
 All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join, the triumph to proclaim.  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!



(120) HYMNS 31, 32.

31. CHRIST CRUCIFIED. (7's)

*Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.—John xvi. 20.*

- 1 "IT is finish'd!"—Shall we raise  
Songs of sorrow or of praise;  
Mourn to see the Saviour die,  
Or triumph in his victory?
- 2 If of Calvary we tell,  
How can songs of triumph swell?  
If of man redeem'd from woe,  
How shall notes of mourning flow?
- 3 Ours the guilt which pierc'd his side,  
Ours the sin for which he died;  
But the blood which flow'd to-day  
Wash'd that sin and guilt away.
- 4 Lamb of God! thy death hast given  
Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven!  
"It is finish'd!"—let us raise  
Songs of thankfulness and praise.

32. THE CROSS OF CHRIST. (L. M.)

*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom (or whereby) the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

- (7's)  
turned
- 3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so bright a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

33. THE CROSS OF CHRIST. (L. M.)

*The preaching of the cross is unto them which are saved, the power of God.*—1 Cor. i. 18.

- (L. M.)  
cross of  
(by) the  
world.—
- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross:  
The sinner's hope let men deride;  
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross, we see,  
In shining letters, "God is love!"  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross!—it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angel's theme in heaven above.
- d:  
ost,

## 34. CONTEMPLATION OF THE CROSS. (S.7.)

*Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth!—Isaiah xlv. 22.*

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend ;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend :  
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood :  
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie,  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Beaming from his pitying eye :  
 Here it is I find my heaven,  
 While upon the Lamb I gaze :  
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,  
 All I have is from his grace !
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 Gazing here I'd spend my breath ;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.  
 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
 Fix my heart and eyes on thine,  
 Till I taste thy whole salvation,  
 Where unveil'd thy glories shine !

35.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

(S. M.)

*Not by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood, he entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.—Heb. ix. 12.*

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burden thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

36.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. (L.M.D.)

*He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.—Rom. iv. 25.*

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around,  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 For Him who groan'd beneath your load!  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of Glory dies for men!  
 But, lo! what sudden joys we see,—  
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise;)  
 Angelic hosts attend him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;  
 Sing how he spoil'd the host of hell  
 And led the tyrant Death in chains.  
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King,  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?  
 And where thy victory, O Grave?"

37. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. (148)

*When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive.*  
 —Eph. iv. 8.

1 The happy morn is come:  
 Triumphant o'er the grave,  
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,  
 Omnipotent to save;  
 Captivity is captive led,  
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

- 2 Who now accuses them  
 For whom their Surety died?  
 Who now shall those condemn  
 Whom God hath justified?  
 Captivity is captive led,  
 For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid,  
 The glorious work is done;  
 On him our help is laid,  
 By him our vict'ry won.  
 Captivity is captive led,  
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

38. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. (7's.)

*The Lord is risen indeed!*—Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"  
 Sons of men and angels say;  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
 Sing ye heavens, and earth reply!
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
 Death in vain forbids his rise,  
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King—  
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
 Once he died our souls to save—  
 Where's thy victory, O grave!?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
 Following our exalted Head;  
 Made like him, like him we rise,  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

- 5 What, though once we perish'd all,  
Partners of our parents' fall,  
Second life we now receive,  
When in Jesus we believe.
- 6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven !  
Praise to thee by both be given :  
Thee we greet triumphant now ;  
Hail ! the Resurrection Thou !

39. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. (7's.)

*Jesus endured the cross, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.—Heb. xii. 2.*

- 1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day—Hallelujah !  
Our triumphant holy-day !  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.
- 2 Hymns of praise, then let us sing,  
Unto Christ, our Heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pains which he endur'd  
Our salvation have procur'd ;  
Now he reigns triumphant King,  
Where the angels ever sing—Hallelujah !

40. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. (C. M.)

*Having spoiled Principalities and Powers, he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them, in it (his cross).—Col. ii. 15.*

- 1 THIS day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannahs sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue !

- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapp'd  
The heathen world in gloom !  
O what a Sun, which broke this day  
Refulgent from the tomb !
- 3 Ten thousand diff'rent tongues shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its beams,  
On nations yet unborn.
- 4 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain  
To bind our Lord in death ;  
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.
- 5 And now his conqu'ring chariot-wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies,  
While, broke beneath his powerful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 6 Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And Lord of all below,  
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,  
And boundless blessings flow.

41. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. (L. M.)

*I am He that liveth, and was dead ; and, behold ! I am  
alive for evermore.—Rev. i. 18.*

- 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;  
He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high ;  
He lives triumphant o'er the grave .  
He lives, eternally to save .
- 2 He lives, to still his people's fears ;  
He lives, to wipe away their tears ;  
He lives, their mansions to prepare ;  
He lives, to bring them safely there .

(7's.)

at the right

. 2.

allelujah !

allelujah !

(C. M.)

he made a  
em, in it



3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears ;  
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears ;  
And let your hearts with this revive,  
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

42.

## THE RESURRECTION.

(8.8.6.)

*In Christ shall all be made alive.*—1 Cor. xv. 22.

- 1 O JOYFUL sound ! O glorious hour,  
When Jesus, by Almighty power,  
Reviv'd, and left the grave.  
In all his works behold him great !  
Before, Almighty to create ;  
Almighty now to save.
- 2 "The first-begotten from the dead,"  
Behold him risen, his people's Head !  
To make their life secure,  
They too, like him, shall yield their breath !  
Like him, shall burst the bands of death,  
Their resurrection sure.
- 3 Why should his people fear the grave ?  
Since Jesus will their spirits save,  
And raise their bodies too :  
What, though this earthly house shall fail,  
Almighty power will yet prevail,  
And build it up anew.
- 4 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,  
And in your Master's work abound,  
Stedfast, unmoveable :  
Be sure your labour 's not in vain ;  
Your bodies shall be rais'd again,  
No more corruptible.

43. CHRIST CRUCIFIED AND GLORIFIED. (8. 7. )  
(doubled.)

*Who, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.—Heb. i. 3.*

1 HAIL, thou once-despised Jesus !

Hail, thou Galilean King !

Thou didst suffer to release us,

Thou didst free salvation bring.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,

All our sins on thee were laid ;

By Almighty love anointed,

Thou hast full atonement made.

2 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,

There for ever to abide !

All the heavenly hosts adore thee,

Seated at thy Father's side :

There for sinners thou art pleading ;

There thou dost our place prepare,

Ever for us interceding,

Till in glory we appear.

## 44. ASCENSION OF CHRIST. (148)

(See Psalms 2. 24. 47. 68. pt. 2. 110.)

*He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things.—Eph. iv. 10.*

1 COME, ye who love the Lord,

And feel his quick'ning power,

Unite with one accord,

His goodness to adore :

To heaven and earth aloud proclaim

Your great Redeemer's glorious name !

- 2 He left his throne above,  
His glory laid aside,  
Came down on wings of love,  
And wept, and bled, and died :  
The pangs he bore what tongue can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell !
- 3 He burst the grave : he rose  
Victorious from the dead ;  
And thence his vanquish'd foes  
In glorious triumph led :  
Up through the heavens the conqu'ror rode,  
Triumphant to the throne of God.
- 4 He soon again will come,  
His chariot will not stay,  
To take his children home  
To realms of endless day :  
We there shall see him face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

45. ASCENSION OF CHRIST. (7's.)

*He was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight.—Acts i. 9.*

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Re-ascends his native heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits :  
"Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
"Take the King of glory in !"
- 3 See ! the heaven its Lord receives !  
Yet he loves the earth he leaves :  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.

- 4 Still for us he intercedes,  
Prevalent his death he pleads ;  
Next himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.
- 5 Master, Lord ! to thee we cry,  
On thy throne exalted high !  
See, thy faithful servants see,  
Ever looking up to thee.
- 6 Grant, though parted from our sight,  
Far above yon azure height,  
Grant, our hearts may thither rise,  
Following thee beyond the skies !

46. ASCENSION OF CHRIST. (148)

*Rejoice in the Lord always ; and again I say, Rejoice.*  
—Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 REJOICE ! the Lord is King !  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice !  
Rejoice !—again I say, rejoice !
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice !  
Rejoice !—again I say, rejoice !
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice !  
Rejoice !—again I say, rejoice !

(132)

HYMN 47.

- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope !  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

47. CHRIST'S SECOND COMING. (L. M.)

*The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels.—2 Thess. i. 7.*

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake ;  
The hills their fixed seats forsake ;  
And, with'ring, from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ;—but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,—  
A silent lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come !—a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Appointed Judge of human kind !
- 4 Can this be He, who, wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride—  
The Nazarene—the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, sinners, to the rocks complain !  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain !  
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, " The Lord is come !"

## 48. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. (C. M.)

*Prepare to meet thy God.—Amos iv. 12.*

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O, how shall I appear!
- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought:
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O, how shall I appear!
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled soul,  
Which does her sins lament,  
That Jesus suffer'd unto death,  
Her suff'rings to prevent.
- 5 Then never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thy only Son hath died  
To make forgiveness sure.

## 49. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. (8.7.4.)

*The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.*

—1 Cor. xv. 52.

- 1 DAY of Judgment! day of wonders!  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Rocks the vast creation round.  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!

- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !  
 You, who long for his appearing,  
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"  
 Gracious Saviour,  
 Own me in that day, for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
 All the powers of nature, shaken  
 By his look, prepare to flee.  
 Careless sinner !  
 What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,  
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,  
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed ;  
 " See the kingdom I bestow !  
 " You for ever  
 " Shall my love and glory know."

50.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT. (8.7.4.)

*Behold, he cometh with clouds! and every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him.—Rev. i. 7.*

- 1 LO, He comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favour'd sinners slain,  
 Thousand thousand saints, attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train !  
 Hallelujah !  
 Jesus comes ; and comes to reign,
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
 They who set at nought, and sold him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the great Messiah see.

- 3 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear !  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air.  
 Hallelujah !  
 See the day of God appear !
- 4 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine exalted throne ;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own !  
 O come quickly !  
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

51. THE LAST JUDGMENT. (L. M.)

*The great day of his wrath is come! and who shall be able to stand?—Rev. vi. 17.*

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heavens together roll ;  
 And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 Oh ! on that day, that awful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away !



*Prepare to meet thy God.*—Amos iv. 12.

- 1 **GREAT** God! what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated!  
 The trumpet sounds! the graves restore  
 The dead which they contain'd before!  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him!
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding:  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepar'd to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
 Behold his wrath prevailing;  
 For they shall rise, and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing:  
 The day of grace is past and gone;  
 Trembling they stand before the throne,  
 All unprepar'd to meet him.
- 4 Great God! what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated!  
 Low at his cross I view the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet him.

CLASS III.—*THE WORK AND INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

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53. *INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.* (112)  
(From the Ordination Service.)

*He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.*  
—Matt. iii. 2.

- 1 COME Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire !  
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart :  
Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight ;  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of thy grace ;  
Keep far our foes, keep peace at home !  
Where thou art guide no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both, to be but One ;  
That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song :  
Praise to thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

54. *WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.* (L. M.)  
*Strengthened with might, by His Spirit, in the inner man.*—Eph. iii. 16.

- 1 BLEST Spirit, one with God above,  
Thou source of life and holy love,  
O cheer us with thy sacred beams,  
Refresh us with thy plenteous streams !

2 Oh may our lips confess thy name,  
Our holy lives thy power proclaim!  
With love divine our hearts inspire,  
And fill us with thy holy fire!

3 O Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in one,  
Thy grace devoutly we implore!  
Thy name be prais'd for evermore.

55. THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT. (7's.)

*Walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.—Acts ix.31.*

- 1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,  
Bend on us a pitying eye;  
Animate the drooping heart,  
Bid the power of sin depart!
- 2 Light up every dark recess  
Of our hearts' ungodliness;  
Shew us every devious way,  
Where our steps have gone astray!
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,  
Humbly to implore relief;  
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,  
All our deep disease to heal!
- 4 Other ground-work should we lay,  
Sweep those empty hopes away;  
Make us feel that Christ alone  
Can for human guilt atone!
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,  
And pursue the heavenly race,  
Train'd in wisdom, led by love,  
Till we reach our rest above!

## 56. INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. (7's.)

*God hath given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.*  
—2 Cor. i. 22.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,  
Let thy light around us shine!  
All our guilty fears remove,  
Fill us with thy peace and love!
- 2 Pardon to the contrite give,  
Bid the wounded sinner live;  
Lead us to the Lamb of God,  
Wash us in his precious blood!
- 3 Earnest thou of heavenly rest,  
Comfort every troubled breast;  
Life, and joy, and peace impart,  
Sanctifying every heart!
- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,  
Keep us in our heavenly way!  
Bring us to thy courts above,  
Realms of light and endless love!

## 57. IN-DWELLING OF THE SPIRIT. (112)

*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that  
the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—1 Cor. iii. 16.*

- 1 O THAT the Comforter would come!  
Not visit as a transient guest;  
But fix in us his constant home,  
And keep possession of each breast;  
And make our souls his lov'd abode,  
The temple of a Holy God!

## 58. INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. (112)

*Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.—*  
2 Cor. vi. 19.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every waiting mind,  
Come pour thy joys on all mankind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee !
- 2 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe ;  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow :  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way !  
Make us eternal truth receive,  
And practise all that we believe !
- 3 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire !  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing !  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee !

## 59. INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. (S.M.)

*The renewing of the Holy Ghost.—Tit. iii. 5.*

- 1 COME Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes !
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never dying love !

- (112)  
st.—
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.
- d,
- 4 Dwell thou within our heart,  
Our minds from bondage free !  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

60. INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. (C.M.)

*The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.—Rom. v. 5.*

- 1 COME Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours !
- 2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys !
- (S.M.)
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
5. 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate—  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours !

## 61. INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. (8.7.4.)

*The comfort of the Holy Ghost, — Acts ix. 31.*

- 1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the cloud of nature's night ;  
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,  
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light !  
Raise us sinners  
From the power of sin and death !
- 2 Hear, O hear our supplication,  
Blessed Spirit, God of Peace !  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Great distributor of grace !  
May we ever  
Feel and own thy heavenly sway !
- 3 Author of our new creation,  
Bid us all thine influence prove ;  
Make our souls thy habitation,  
Shed abroad the Saviour's love !  
Heavenly Teacher,  
Guide and bless us all our days.

## 62. INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT (L. M.)

*As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. — Rom. viii. 14.*

- 1 COME gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above,  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside !
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live !

- 8.7.4.)  
31.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart !
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God !  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his pasture stray !
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest !  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is !

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CLASS IV.—THE INVITATIONS,  
DOCTRINES, EXCELLENCY,  
AND FINAL TRIUMPH  
OF THE GOSPEL.

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63. SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST. (8.7.4.)

*Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy &c.!*—Is. lv. 1.

- (L. M.)  
are the  
e,  
;  
e,
- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
This is your accepted hour !  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power :  
He is able, he is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Come ye thirsty, come and welcome !  
God's free bounty glorify,  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace which brings us nigh,  
Without money, come to Jesus Christ & buy !



- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is, to feel your need of him : [beam.  
 This he gives you : 'tis the Spirit's rising
- 4 Lo, th' Incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood :  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude :  
 None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

64. INVITATION OF THE GOSPEL. (8.7.4.)

*When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none,  
 I the Lord will hear them.—Isaiah xli. 17.*

- 1 SINNERS come though poor and needy !  
 Jesus will relieve the poor ;  
 He declares, " All things are ready,"  
 And what Jesus says is sure.  
 O believe him !  
 Take of mercy's boundless store.
- 2 Hear how God himself beseeches—  
 " Sinners be ye reconcil'd !"  
 Jesus in the Gospel teaches  
 How a foe becomes a child.  
 When he suffer'd,  
 Love prevail'd, and justice smil'd.
- 3 See his sacred body broken,  
 Broken on th' accursed tree !  
 Hear the words the Lord has spoken—  
 " Sinners live, beholding me !"  
 Hopeless sinner,  
 Thus the Saviour speaks to thee !

65. THE INVITATION OF CHRIST. (7's.)  
*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,  
 and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.*

- 1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,  
 All who groan beneath your load !  
 Jesus calls his wanderers home ;  
 Hasten to your pard'ning God.  
 Come, ye guilty souls oppress'd,  
 Answer to the Saviour's call,  
 "Come, and I will give you rest !"  
 "Come, and I will save you all !"
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,  
 We thy kindest word obey ;  
 Faithful let thy mercies prove ;  
 Take our load of guilt away !  
 Fain we would on thee rely,  
 Cast on thee our sin and care,  
 To thine arms of mercy fly,  
 Find our lasting quiet there.
- 3 Burden'd with a world of grief,  
 Burden'd with our sinful load,  
 Burden'd with this unbelief,  
 Burden'd with the wrath of God ;  
 Lo we come to thee for ease,  
 True and gracious as thou art !  
 Now our groaning souls release,  
 Write forgiveness on our heart !

66. THE CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. (L. M.)  
*It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness  
 dwell.—Col. i. 19.*

- 1 WHAT various lovely characters  
 The condescending Saviour bears !  
 All human virtues, all divine,  
 In him unite, with splendour shine.

- 2 The Corner-stone on which we build ;  
 The Balm by which our souls are heal'd ;  
 The Morning-star, whose cheering ray  
 Dispels the shades, and brings the day.
- 3 He is our Rock and our Defence,  
 Nor earth nor hell can force us thence ;  
 Our Advocate before the throne,  
 Who with our prayers, presents his own.
- 4 He is the burden'd sinner's rest,  
 Our prophet, and Atoning Priest ;  
 To him, as our exalted King,  
 We homage pay, our offerings bring.
- 5 He is our Captain and our Guide,  
 The Friend, the Husband of the bride ;  
 The Counsellor, the Prince of Peace,  
 The Lord our strength and righteousness.
- 6 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Who does his flock in safety keep ;  
 The Conqueror He, the Judge of men,  
 The Faithful Witness, the Amen.

67.

DIVINE LOVE.

(8.7.)

*That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—*  
 Eph. iii. 17.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven to earth come down,  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown !  
 Jesus, thou art all compassion ;  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter every trembling heart !

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast !  
 Let us all in thee inherit—  
 Let us find—thy promis'd Rest !  
 Take away the love of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be ;  
 End of faith, as its beginning ;  
 Set our hearts at liberty !
- 3 Finish, Lord, thy new creation,  
 Pure and spotless may we be ;  
 Let us see our great salvation  
 Perfectly secur'd by thee ;  
 Chang'd from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

68. THE LOVE OF CHRIST. (8.8.6.)

*That ye may know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.*

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up by Thee !  
 Grant me, O gracious Lord, to prove  
 The greatness of Redeeming Love,  
 The love of Christ to me !
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;  
 Its riches are unsearchable :  
 The first-born sons of light  
 Desire in vain its depth to see ;  
 They cannot reach the mystery,  
 The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 O that I could for ever sit  
 With Mary, at the Master's feet !  
 Be this my happy choice,  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
- 4 O that I could with favour'd John  
 Recline my weary head upon  
 The dear Redeemer's breast !  
 From care and sin and sorrow free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
 My everlasting rest !

69.

## THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

(L. M.)

*Continue ye in my love.*—John xv. 9.

- 1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God !  
 Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood !  
 Give us to know thy love !—then pain  
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
 For ever clos'd to all but thee !  
 Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
 Thy pledge of love for ever there !
- 3 How can it be, thou Heavenly King,  
 That thou shouldst man to glory bring,  
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
 And deck them with a glorious crown ?
- 4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,  
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;  
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongue, to tell  
 Thy love—immense, unsearchable !

5 First-born of many brethren, Thou !  
 To Thee both earth and heaven must bow.  
 Help us to Thee our all to give !  
 Thine may we die ; thine may we live !

70. MUTUAL LOVE BETWEEN CHRIST AND  
 HIS PEOPLE. (7's.)

*Lovest thou me* —John xxi. 16.

- 1 HARK, my soul ! It is the Lord ;—  
 'Tis thy Saviour ;—hear his word !  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :—  
 “ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 “ I deliver'd thee when bound,  
 And when wounded heal'd thy wound ;  
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 “ Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease towards the child she bare ?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above ;  
 Deeper than the depths beneath ;  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 “ Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done ;  
 Partner of my throne shalt be ;—  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?”
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
 That my love is weak and faint ;  
 Yet I love thee, and adore :  
 Oh for grace to love thee more !

(150)

HYMNS 71, 72.

71. JESUS PRECIOUS TO HIS PEOPLE. (C.M.)

*Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*—Sol. Song, i. 3.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul;  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring!

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;

And may the music of thy name

Refresh my soul in death!

72. CHRIST THE LORD OF ALL. (C.M.)

*He is Lord of all.*—Acts x. 36.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye Martyrs of your God,  
Who from his altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 A remnant weak and small,  
 Hail Him who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall,  
 There join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

73. CHRIST A PERFECT SAVIOUR. (8.7.)

*Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour,  
 for to give repentance, and forgiveness of sins.—  
 Acts v. 31.*

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,  
 Humbly trusting in thy cross !  
 That alone be all our glory,  
 All things else we count but loss.  
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
 Only source of all that's good :  
 Every grace and every favour  
 Come to us through Jesus' blood.
- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
 By his Spirit sent from heaven ;  
 He pronounces the sweet sentence,  
 " Son, thy sins are all forgiven."



- Faith he gives us to believe it ;  
 Grateful hearts, his love to prize :  
 Want we wisdom ?—he must give it ;  
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
 Wills to do what he requires ;  
 Makes us follow his directions ;  
 And what he commands, inspires.  
 Every grace and every favour,  
 Great or good, whate'er we call ;  
 Have we only in the Saviour,—  
 Jesus Christ is all in all.

74.

CHRIST A SURE REFUGE. (L. M.)

*He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto  
 God by him.—Heb. vii. 25.*

- 1 WHEN all around is dark and drear,  
 No hand to help, no voice to cheer ;  
 When, of each human stay bereft,  
 Alone my trembling soul is left ;
- 2 Whither, ah whither shall I flee,  
 Saviour of sinners, but to thee ?  
 My mournful cry thou'lt not despise,  
 By sufferings taught to sympathize.
- 3 Oh break the power of sin and hell,  
 Th' accusing voice of conscience quell,  
 And, by thy Spirit's quick'ning voice,  
 My pardon speak, and say, " Rejoice !"
- 4 Bright hour, when on the soul forlorn  
 Serenely beams the Gospel morn,  
 And all its terrors melt away  
 Like clouds before the springing day !

75.

## HYMN 75.

(153)

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S SURE REFUGE. (7's.)  
*Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the  
 needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a sha-  
 dow from the heat.—Isaiah xxv. 4.*

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,  
 To thy shelt'ring arms I fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high :  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, ah leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me !  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing !
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 All in all in thee I find ;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind !  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness,  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound ;  
 Make and keep me pure within !  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity !

(154)

HYMNS 76, 77.

76.

CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES. (7's.)

*In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength: (or, the Rock of Ages, marg.)—Isaiah xxvi. 4.*

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure ;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !
- 2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil thy Law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone !
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Guilty, plead thy righteousness ;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy Judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !

77. CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. (8.7.)

*To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.—Luke i. 79.*

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come, and, all thy love revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath !

(7's.)  
(or, the

The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise,  
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,  
 Pouring daylight on our eyes !  
 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor benighted heart.  
 Come, and manifest the favour  
 God hath for our ransom'd race ;  
 Jesus, come, exalted Saviour,  
 Manifest thy gospel grace !

78. THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. (7's.)

*Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.—Mal. iv. 2.*

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies ;  
 Christ, the true and only light ;  
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
 Triumph o'er the shades of night !  
 Day-spring from on high, be near !  
 Day-star, in my heart appear !  
 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
 Unaccompanied by thee ;  
 Joyless is the day's return  
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;  
 Till they inward light impart,  
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart !  
 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;  
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
 Fill me, Radiance Divine,  
 Scatter all my unbelief ;  
 More and more thyself display,  
 Shining to the perfect day !

(8.7.)  
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(156)

HYMNS 79, 80.

79. CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. (7's.)

*This is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.—Jer. xxiii. 6.*

- 1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless  
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness ;  
Let our praise to him be given,  
High at God's right hand in heaven !
- 2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;  
Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 3 Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation, by thee wrought ;  
Wrought to set thy people free ;  
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 4 May we follow, and adore,  
Thee, our Saviour, more and more !  
Guide and bless us with thy love.  
Till we join thy saints above !

80: CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. (L. M.)

*Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.—Isaiah xlv. 24, 25.*

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress !  
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath liv'd—hath died for me.

- (7's.)  
The Lord  
ss ;  
en !  
ing ;
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day :  
For who aught to my charge shall lay,  
While, through thy blood, absolv'd I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame ?
- 4 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice !  
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice !  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

81. CHRIST, THE WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE. (C.M.)

*Jesus saith, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*  
John xiv. 6.

- L. M.)  
ousness  
Israel
- 1 THOU art the Way ;—to Thee alone,  
From sin and death, we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ;—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ;—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm ;  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;—  
Grant us to know that way ;  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Which lead to endless day !

82.

## THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST. (C. M.)

*Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ  
Jesus.—Phil. ii. 5.*

- 1 JESUS, exalted far on high,  
To whom a name is given,  
A name surpassing every name  
That's known in earth or heaven ;—
- 2 Before whose throne shall every knee  
Bow down with one accord ;  
Before whose throne shall every tongue  
Confess that thou art Lord !
- 3 Jesus ! who in the form of God  
Didst equal honour claim,  
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,  
Didst stoop to death and shame ;—
- 4 O may that mind in us be form'd,  
Which shone so bright in thee ;  
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,  
From pride and envy free !
- 5 May we to others stoop, and learn  
To emulate thy love !  
So shall we bear thine image here,  
And share thy throne above.

83.

## JESUS THE SHEPHERD OF HIS PEOPLE. (L. M.)

*I am the good Shepherd.—John x. 11.*

- 1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thy "Little flock" in safety keep,—  
The flock for which thou cam'st from heaven,  
The flock for which thy life was given.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee,  
Secure as if from danger free ;  
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,  
And bring them to "a wealthy place."

- (C. M.)  
Christ
- 3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey ;  
And guard them that they never stray !  
Cherish the young, sustain the old ;  
Let none be feeble in thy fold !
  - 4 Secure them from the scorching beam,  
And lead them to the living stream ;  
In verdant pastures let them lie,  
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye !
  - 5 O may thy sheep discern thy voice,  
And in its sacred sound rejoice !  
From strangers may they ever flee,  
And know no other guide but Thee !
  - 6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete !  
Then let thy flock from earth remove,  
And occupy the fold above !

84. CHRIST OUR HIGH PRIEST. (C. M.)

*We have not a High Priest which cannot be touched  
with the feeling of our infirmities.—Heb. iv. 15.*

- (L. M.)
- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
And overflows with love.  
Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
  - 3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.



(160) HYMNS 85, 86.

- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.  
5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

85. JESUS THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST. (148.)

*Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many ; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.—Heb. ix. 28.*

- 1 THE atoning work is done !  
The victim's blood is shed ;  
And Jesus now is gone,  
His people's cause to plead :  
He stands in heaven the great High Priest,  
And bears their names upon his breast.  
2 And though awhile he be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again :  
In brightest glory he will come,  
And take his waiting people home.

86. JESUS A PROPHET, PRIEST, AND KING. (148.)

*The Chiefest among ten thousand.—Sol. Song v. 10.*

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore !  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

- 2 Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offer'd his blood and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside:  
His powerful blood did once atone;  
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 Almighty, Sovereign Lord,  
My Captain and my King!  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace, I sing.  
Thine is the power. Behold! I sit  
In willing bonds before thy feet.

87. JESUS, A PROPHET, PRIEST, AND KING. (L. M.)  
*That in all things He might have the pre-eminence.—*  
Col. i. 18.

- 1 JESUS, the *Prophet* of thy Church,  
Whose word with heavenly wisdom glows,  
Unveil our hearts, direct our search,  
To gain the knowledge it bestows!
- 2 Oh, let thy solemn call awake  
Each soul to penitence and prayer,  
The chains of sin and sorrow break,  
And write thy sacred precepts there!
- 3 Jesus our *Priest*, whose boundless love  
Has made atonement for our guilt,  
And now before the throne above  
Offers the blood which thou hast spilt,

- 4 To us thy power and love reveal,  
 Thy pardon to our souls convey,  
 Their fears remove, their sickness heal,  
 And wash their deadly stains away!
- 5 Jesus, our *King*, with conq'ring might  
 Ride on, thy glorious work complete;  
 Put all our enemies to flight,  
 And cast them down beneath thy feet!
- 6 To every frail and feeble soul  
 New life and energy impart;  
 Teach us to bow to thy control,  
 And rear thy throne in every heart!

88.

A PARDONING GOD.

(112.)

*Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity.*  
 Micah vii. 18.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways  
 Display thine attributes divine;  
 But the fair glories of thy grace  
 Beyond thine other wonders shine:  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
 Such guilty, daring worms to spare,  
 This is thine own prerogative,  
 And in the honour none shall share.  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God!  
 Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!  
 Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood!  
 Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

89.

## THE POWER OF FAITH.

(C. M.)

*By grace ye are saved through faith.*—Eph. ii. 8.

- 1 OH, God of our salvation, Lord,  
Of wondrous power and love,  
May faith, salvation's holy seed,  
Be sent us from above!
- 2 'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight,  
That we our foes may quell;  
And with the shield of faith we quench  
The fiery darts of hell.
- 3 By faith we make our prayers to thee,  
In that most holy Name,  
On which, for mercy and for peace,  
Hope rests her steadfast claim.
- 4 For that Name's sake assist us, Lord,  
To run our heavenward race;  
And oh, may no unholy life  
Our holy faith disgrace!
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise and glory given,  
Who pour into the hearts of men  
True light and heat from heaven.

90.

## A LIVING AND A DEAD FAITH. (C. M.)

*Faith without works is dead.*—James ii. 20.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living Head.

(164)

HYMN 91.

- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,  
By a celestial power ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail .  
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace ;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.

91. THE THRONE OF GRACE. (S. M.)

*Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace.*—Heb.  
iv. 16.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near ;  
There Jesus shews a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold !  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What good can he withhold ?
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
'Thy presence and thy love !  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.
- 4 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine ;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine !

92.

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92.

## SALVATION BY GRACE.

(S. M.)

*And he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it.—Zech. iv. 7.*

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear :  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

93.

REDEMPTION THROUGH THE BLOOD OF  
CHRIST.

(C. M.)

*In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.—Zech. xiii. 1.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain, in his day ;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

94.

REDEMPTION.

(C. M.)

*Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ.—Eph. i. 3.*

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,  
 The justice and the grace,  
 Which join'd in counsel, to restore  
 And save our ruin'd race !
- 2 Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son  
 To take our flesh and blood !  
 He for our lives gave up his own,  
 To make our peace with God.
- 3 Now on his glorious throne he reigns ;  
 And, by his power divine,  
 Redeems us from the slavish chains  
 Of Satan and of sin.
- 4 Oh may we then with joy appear  
 Before the Judge's face,  
 And, with the bless'd assembly there,  
 Sing his redeeming grace !

95.

SALVATION.

(C. M.)

*My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.—Ps. xiii. 5.*

1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !

What pleasure to our ears !

A sov'reign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky

Conspire to raise the sound,

3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding LAMB,

To thee the praise belongs !

Salvation shall inspire our hearts,

And dwell upon our tongues.

96.

THE GLORY OF REDEMPTION. (8.7.4.)

*Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour  
and power, &c.—Rev. iv. 11.*

1 GLORY, glory everlasting,

Be to Him who bore the cross ;

Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting

Death—the death deserv'd by us !

Spread His glory, who redeem'd his people thus !

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,

Without measure, without end ;

Human thought is here confounded,

'Tis too vast to comprehend :

Praise the Saviour ! magnify the sinner's friend !

3 While we hear the wondrous story

Of the Saviour's cross and shame,

Sing we, " Everlasting glory

Be to God, and to the Lamb !"

Saints and angels, give ye glory to his name !



(168)

HYMNS 97, 98.

97. THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED. (S. M.)

*And they sing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb.—Rev. xv. 3.*

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb !  
Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name !
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power ;  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For us whose sins he bore !
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing ;  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,  
In Christ th' Eternal King !
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
" Ye blessed children, come !"  
Soon will he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptur'd tongues  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

98. THE CHRISTIAN JUBILEE. (148.)

*Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound.—  
Lev. xxv. 9.*

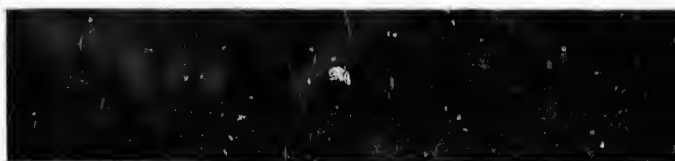
- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The glad and solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home !

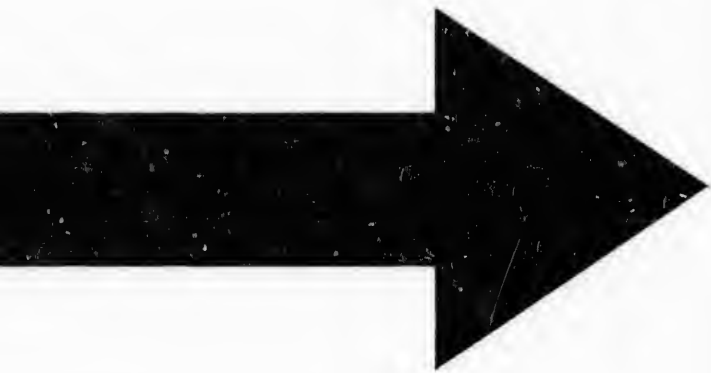
- (s. m.)  
g of the
- 2 Exalt the Son of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption through his blood  
To all the world proclaim !  
The year, &c.
- 3 The glorious tidings hear,  
The news of pard'ning grace !  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face !  
The year, &c.
- 4 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made :  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad !  
The year, &c.

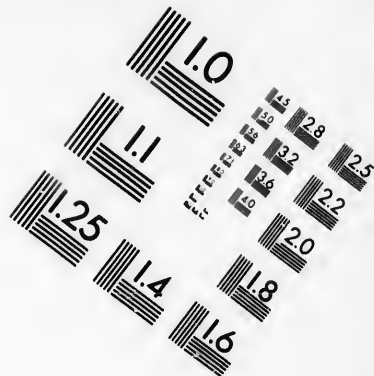
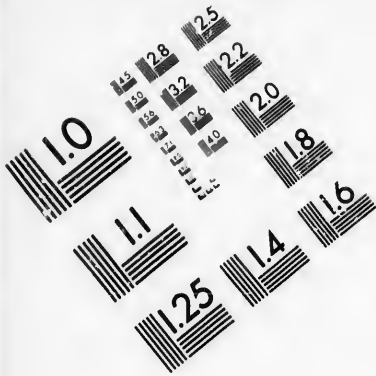
99. PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION. (C. M.)

*Ye are not your own ;—for ye are bought with a price.*  
1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

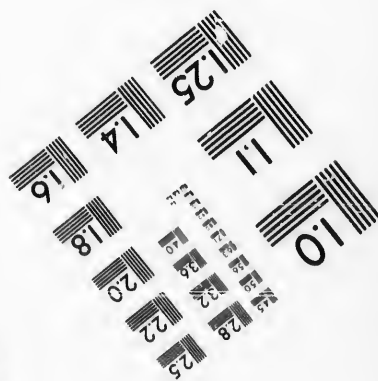
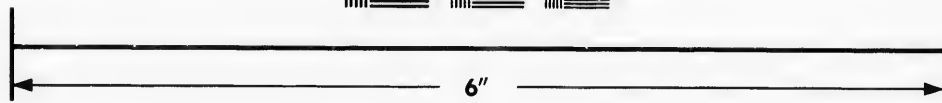
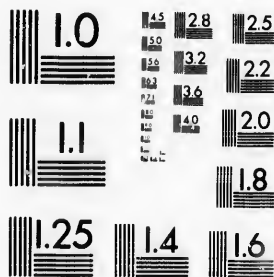
- (148.)  
ound.—
- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,  
How sweet thy gracious name !  
With joy that errand we review,  
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thine own angelic bands  
Stood waiting on the wing,  
Charm'd with the honour to obey  
Their great Eternal King.
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,  
Thou laid'st that glory by ;  
First in our mortal flesh to serve,  
Then in that flesh to die.







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(170)

HYMN 100.

- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,  
We doubly, Lord, are thine :  
To thee our lives we would devote,  
To thee our death resign.

100.

PRAISE FOR SALVATION. (8.7.7.)

*Unto Him that washed us from our sins in his own  
blood...be glory for ever and ever!—Rev. i. 5, 6.*

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder ;  
Let us praise the Saviour's name !  
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,  
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame :  
He has wash'd us with his blood,  
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,  
Dying for our rebel race ;  
Call'd us by his word, and taught us  
By the Spirit of his grace :  
He has wash'd us with his blood,  
He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation  
Threaten hard to bear us down ;  
For the Lord, our strong salvation,  
Holds in view the conq'ror's crown :  
He who wash'd us with his blood  
Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us praise and join the chorus  
Of the saints enthroned on high :  
Here, they trusted Him before us :  
Now their praises fill the sky.—  
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood !  
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

## 101. PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION. (C. M.)

*I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne,  
saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that  
was slain.—Rev. v. 11, 12.*

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne!  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus!"  
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine!
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## 102. PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION. (S. M.)

*To the only wise God our Saviour.—Jude, ver. 25.*

- 1 TO God, the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,  
His counsel, and his care,  
Preserve us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.



- 3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his throne,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne ;  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

103. PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION. (C. M.)

*Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*—Sol. Song i. 3.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues, to sing  
The great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of our God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 JESUS, the name that soothes our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease,  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 Jesus subdues the power of sin ;  
He sets the pris'ner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks ; and list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.

104. PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION. (C. M.)

*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood be glory and dominion for ever and ever.—Rev. i. 5.*

- 1 O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,  
Redemption's only spring!  
Creator of the World art thou,  
Its Saviour and its King!
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love  
Which laid our sins on thee,  
And led thee to a cruel death,  
To set thy people free!
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,  
The ransom has been paid;  
And thou art on thy Father's throne,  
In glorious robes array'd.
- 4 Oh, may thy mighty love prevail,  
Our sinful souls to spare!  
Oh, may we come before thy throne,  
And find acceptance there.
- 5 O Christ! be thou our present joy,  
Our future great reward!  
Our only glory may it be,  
To glory in the Lord!

105. PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION. (L. M.)

*Verily, he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham.—Heb. ii. 16.*

- 1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,  
And emulate the angels' songs!  
Yea, sinners may address their King  
In songs that angels cannot sing.

- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain ;  
 But we can add a higher strain ;—  
 Not only say, “ He suffer’d thus,”  
 But, that he suffer’d all for us.
- 3 Jesus, who pass’d the angels by,  
 Assum’d our flesh, to bleed and die :  
 And still he makes it his abode ;—  
 As man he fills the throne of God.
- 4 But, ah ! how faint our praises rise ;  
 Sure ’tis the wonder of the skies,  
 That we, who share his richest love,  
 So cold and unconcern’d should prove !
- 5 O glorious hour !—it comes with speed—  
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
 Shall see the Lord who died for man,  
 And praise him more than angels can !

106.

GRATITUDE TO CHRIST.

(8.7.)

*To the praise of the glory of His grace.—Eph. i. 6.*

- 1 COME thou Fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand’ring from the fold of God ;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interpos’d his precious blood.
- 2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I’m constrain’d to be !  
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand’ring heart to Thee !

Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love!  
 Here's my heart! O take, and seal it,—  
 Seal it for thy courts above!

107. GLORYING IN THE LORD. (L. M.)

*I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.*—Rom. i. 16.

- 1 ASHAM'D of Jesus! Can it be?  
 A mortal man asham'd of Thee!  
 Of Thee, whom highest angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus!—of that Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
 No! When I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name!
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
 And no immortal soul to save!
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
 Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain!  
 And oh, may this my portion be,  
 That Saviour not asham'd of me!

108. PRAISE FOR SALVATION. (L. M.)

*What is thy beloved more than another beloved?*  
 Sol. Song v. 9.

- 1 JESU, my Saviour! in thy face  
 The essence lives of every grace;  
 All things beside, which charm the sight,  
 Are shadows, tipt with glow worm light.
- 2 Thy beauty, Lord! th' enraptur'd eye,  
 Which fully views it, first must die.—  
 Then let me die—through death to know  
 That joy I seek in vain below!

(176) HYMNS 109, 110.

109. PRAISE FOR SALVATION. (8.8.7.)

*Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*  
Eph. i. 3.

BLESS'D be the Power who gave us,  
Freely gave, his Son to save us!—

Bless'd the Son, who freely came!—  
Honour, blessing, adoration,  
Ever from the whole creation,  
Be to God, and to the Lamb!

110. SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL. (8.7.4.)

*They shall fear the name of the Lord from the West,  
and his glory from the rising of the sun. When the  
enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord  
shall lift up a standard against him.—Isai. lix. 19.*

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking,  
Joyful times are near at hand ;  
God, the Mighty God, is speaking,  
By his word, in every land :

Mark his progress !  
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God, the Saviour, is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad ;  
Every language

Soon shall tell the love of God !

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
Let thy people see thy hand ;  
Make the Gospel soon victorious  
Through the world in every land !

Perish idols,  
At Jehovah's dread command !

## 111. GLORIOUS PROCESS OF THE GOSPEL. (S. M.)

*Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem! He hath redeemed Jerusalem.—Isaiah lii. 9.*

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet the tidings are !  
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King !  
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad :  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God !

(8.8.7.)

us Christ.

us,

e!—

(8.7.4.)

the West,  
When the  
the Lord  
lix. 19.

## 112. PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL. (P. M.)

*Let there be light.*—Gen. i. 3.

- 1 THOU, whose Almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray ;  
And, where the Gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
“ Let there be light ! ”
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,  
On thy redæming wing,  
Healing and light ;  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
Oh, now to all mankind  
“ Let there be light ! ”
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight !  
Move on the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
“ Let there be light ! ”
- 4 Blessed and Holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might !  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world far and wide,  
“ Let there be light ! ”

## 113. EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM. (8.7.4.)

*I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.—*  
Psalms ii. 8.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul ! be still, and gaze !  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace.  
Blessed Jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn !
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtain'd on Calvary !  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole !
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !  
Win and conquer—never cease !  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply, and still increase !  
Sway thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around !
- 4 Lo ! behold the day approaching,  
Day of Jesus' deathless fame,  
When the fulness of the Gentiles  
Shall exult to own his name.  
Reign for ever,  
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords !



114. EXTENSION OF THE CHURCH. (8.7.4.)

*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him  
that bringeth good tidings!—Isaiah lii. 7.*

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo, the sacred Herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing—  
Zion long in hostile lands !  
Mourning captive,  
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?  
Cease thy mourning,  
Zion still is well belov'd.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
He himself appears thy friend ;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
Great deliv'rance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,  
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
In thy Maker's favours bless'd :  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

115. THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL. (L. M.)

*Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord!  
awake, as in the ancient days!—Isaiah li. 9.*

- 1 ARM of the Lord ! awake, awake !  
Put on thy strength ! The nations shake ;  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee !

- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,  
 "I am Jehovah, God alone."  
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
 And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Zion's time of favour come !  
 Oh bring the tribes of Israel home !  
 And let our wand'ring eyes behold  
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold !
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,  
 Exalt the Saviour's glorious name !  
 Let every foe before him fall,  
 Confess'd, ador'd, the Lord of all.

## 116. THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE

LATTER DAY.

(148)

*Arise, shine ! for thy light is come.—Isa. lx. 1.*

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,  
 And raise thy hands on high,  
 Tell all the earth thy joys,  
 And boast salvation nigh !  
 Cheerful in God—arise and shine,  
 With rays divine—stream all abroad !
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face  
 With beams that cannot fade,  
 His all-resplendent grace  
 He pours around thy head :  
 The nations round—thy form shall view,  
 With lustre new—divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honour of his name,  
 Reflect that sacred light ;  
 And loud that grace proclaim  
 Which makes thy darkness bright ;  
 Pursue his praise—till sov'reign love,  
 In worlds above—the glory raise.

## 117. UNIVERSAL DOMINION OF CHRIST. (L.M.)

*Thy kingdom come!*—Luke xi. 2.

- 1 O LORD, thy Church, with longing eyes,  
For thine expected coming waits!  
When will the promis'd light arise,  
And glory beam from Zion's gates?
- 2 Extend thy reign o'er every land,  
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,  
All nations bow to thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world!
- 3 Do thou, O Lord, our hearts renew,  
Our souls with heavenly wisdom bless,  
Man's rooted enmity subdue,  
And crown thy gospel with success!
- 4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,  
To wait for thine appointed hour;  
And fit us, by thy grace, to share  
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power!

## 118. RESTORATION OF THE JEWS. (L.M.)

*Hast thou utterly rejected Judah? hath thy soul  
loathed Zion?*—Jer. xiv. 19.

- 1 OH! why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,  
Still roam the scorning world around,  
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,  
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?
- 2 O God of Israel! view their race;  
Back to their fold the wand'ers bring;  
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace;  
To hail in Christ their promis'd King!

- (L.M.)
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- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;  
The sever'd olive-branch again  
Firm to its parent stock unite !
- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,  
With contrite shame his bosom move,  
The Saviour he denied, to own,  
The Lord he crucified, to love !
- 5 Haste glorious day expected long,  
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,  
With eager feet one temple throng,  
One God with grateful praise adore !

119.

SALVATION OF ISRAEL.

(7.6.)

*Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!*  
Psalm xiv. 7.

- 1 OH that the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come,  
To heal his ancient nation,  
To lead his outcasts home !
- 2 How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane ?  
Return, O Lord, in pity,  
And build her walls again !
- 3 Let fall thy rod of terror,  
Thy saving grace impart ;  
Roll back the veil of error,  
Release the fetter'd heart !
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,  
Her lost Messiah see ;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy Church to Thee !

(184)

HYMN 120.

120.

A CALL FOR MISSIONARIES.

(7.6.)

*Come over—and help us!—Acts xvi. 9.*

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The Heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of light deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!  
And you, ye waters, roll!  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

121

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(7.6.)

121. MISSIONARY OBLIGATIONS. (112.)

*Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. x. 8.*

- 1 CHRISTIANS! the glorious hope ye know,  
Which soothes the heart in every woe ;  
While Heathens, helpless, hopeless lie,  
No ray of glory meets their eye.  
O give to their desiring sight  
The hope that Jesus brought to light !
- 2 Christians ! ye taste the heavenly grace  
Which cheers believers in their race :  
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,  
See millions hast'ning to the tomb !  
To heathen lands that grace convey  
Which trains the soul for endless day !
- 3 Christians ! ye prize the Saviour's blood,  
In which the soul is cleans'd for God :  
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,  
Uncleans'd from sin—expos'd to hell :  
O strive that Heathens soon may view  
That precious blood which cleanseth you !

122. PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES. (L.M.)

*For the work of Christ nigh unto death.—Phil. ii. 30.*

- 1 MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,  
This promise meets our anxious eyes,  
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,  
And warm with faith, each bosom glow.
- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear ;  
E'en now unfolds the promis'd year ;  
Lo, distant shores thy heralds trace,  
To bear the tidings of thy grace !

- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,  
 Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,  
 Oh, mark their steps, their fears subdued,  
 And nerve their arm, and clear their view!
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,  
 Bid them the future prospect hail;  
 Bid them the crown of life survey,  
 And onward urge in faith their way!

CLASS V.—UNION AND LOVE OF CHRIS-  
 TIAN—THEIR PRIVILEGES—CONDITION  
 IN THIS WORLD—CONFLICTS—CHIEF DE-  
 SIRE, AND PRAYERS.

123. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS. (C. M.)

*Ye are come...to the general assembly and church of the  
 first-born, &c.—Heb. xii. 22, 23.*

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,  
 Who have obtain'd the prize;  
 And on the eagle wings of love  
 To joys celestial rise!
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing,  
 With those to glory gone,  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,  
 One Church, above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.

- 4 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 5 O Jesus, be our constant guide !—  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And land us safe in heaven !

## 124.

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

(C.M.)

*But we, brethren, being taken from you for a short time,  
in presence, not in heart.—1 Thess. ii. 17.*

- 1 BLESS'D be the dear uniting love  
That will not let us part !  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go,  
And, still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And shew his praise below.
- 3 Oh may we ever walk in Him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified !
- 4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death, can part.



125.

CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE. (L. M.)

*Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another.—*  
Col. iii. 16.

- 1 MAY He, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians see each other thus;  
We only wish to speak of Him,  
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 3 We'll talk of all he did, and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below,  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet, to part no more.

126.

CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE. (L. M.)

*Exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye  
see the day approaching—*Heb. x. 25.

- 1 WHILE in the world we still remain,  
We only meet to part again;  
But when we reach the heavenly shore,  
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see that day  
Should chase our present griefs away:  
A few short years of conflict past,  
We meet around the throne at last.

- (L. M.)  
all wis-  
mother.—  
eet,  
h love!  
hus ;  
r us.
- 3 Then let us here improve our hours,  
Improve them to a Saviour's praise ;  
To him with zeal devote our powers,  
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.
  - 4 Let all our meetings now be made  
Subservient to each other's good ;  
For worldly joys must quickly fade,  
Nor can they yield substantial food.
  - 5 When'er requir'd to part from those  
With whom the truth unites us here,  
We'll call to mind the joyful close,  
When Christ the Saviour will appear.
  - 6 Then shall his saints all meet again,—  
For so his word of promise says,—  
With him for ever to remain,  
And sing his everlasting praise.

127.

CHRISTIAN PARTING.

(7's.)

*The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming  
in.—Ps. cxxi. 8.*

- (L. M.)  
as ye  
e,  
:
- 1 AS the sun's enliv'ning eye  
Shines on every place the same ;  
So the Lord is always nigh,  
To the souls that love his name.
  - 2 When they move at duty's call,  
He is with them by the way ;  
He is ever with them all,  
Those who go, and those who stay.
  - 3 From his holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine ;  
Still in spirit they may meet,  
And in sweet communion join.

(190)

HYMN 128.

- 4 For a season call'd to part,  
Let us then ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep!

128.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

(C. M.)

*This commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.—1 John iv. 21.*

- 1 OUR God is love, and all his saints  
His image bear below;  
The heart with love to God inspir'd  
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,  
As we are lov'd of thee!  
For none are truly born of God  
Who live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same,  
With bonds of love our hearts unite,  
With mutual love inflame!
- 4 So shall the vain contentious world  
Our peaceful lives approve,  
And wond'ring say, as they of old,  
"See how these Christians love!"

129.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

(L.M.)

*The fruit of the Spirit is love.—Gal. v. 22.*

- 1 O GOD, our Saviour and our King,  
Of all we have, or hope, the spring,  
Send down thy Spirit from above,  
And warm our hearts with holy love !
- 2 Let love through all our actions shine,  
An image fair, though faint, of thine !  
Let us thy humble followers prove,  
Father of grace, and God of love !

(C. M.)

t he who  
v. 21.

130.

LOVE.

(C. M.)

*Put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.—  
Col. iii. 14.*

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast !  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And perfects all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear ;  
Our stubborn sins will fight, and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move :  
The devils know, and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

- 5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,  
That fills the choirs above,  
Then shall we tune our golden harps,  
And every note be love.

131. FOR A CHARITY SERMON. (C. M.)

*Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.—1 Cor. xii. 26.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,  
All-powerful, from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love!
- 2 Oh may our sympathizing breast  
That gen'rous pleasure know,  
Freely to share in other's joy,  
And weep for other's woe!
- 3 When'er the helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts, the pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 On dying men so Jesus look'd,  
Enthron'd above the skies,  
And, when he saw their lost estate,  
Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,  
On wings of mercy flew,  
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,  
Should love each other too.

## 132. FOR A CHARITY SERMON. (C. M.)

*And the King shall say... Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.—Matt. xxv. 40.*

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace,  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall I count the matchless sum?  
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine:  
What can my poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace,  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd;  
And in their accents of distress  
My saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love  
I in the poor would see,  
And by my works of love would prove  
That I am taught of thee.

## 133. FOR A CHARITY SERMON. (L. M.)

*It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx. 35.*

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord, with cheerful heart,  
As thou hast bless'd our various store,  
From our abundance to impart  
A lib'ral portion to the poor!

(194)

HYMN 134.

2 To thee our all devoted be,  
In whom we breathe, and move, and live:  
Freely we have receiv'd from thee ;  
Freely may we rejoice to give.

And while we thus obey thy word,  
And every call of want relieve,  
Oh may we find it, gracious Lord,  
More bless'd to give than to receive !

134.

FOR SCHOOLS.

(L. M.)

*Feed my lambs.*—John xxi. 15.

1 GREAT God, thy power what tongue can tell?  
What force thy sov'reign word withstand?  
Yet thou dost stoop with men to dwell,  
And give thy blessings through their hand.

2 'Tis ours to feed these lambs of thine  
And train their footsteps on to heaven :  
We hail with joy the charge divine,  
And freely give, as thou hast given.

3 O fount of love, all-gracious God !  
What can we offer but thine own ?  
For we are thine, redeem'd with blood—  
The precious blood of Christ thy Son.

4 On these, on us, thy grace bestow,  
The contrite heart, the lowly mind,  
The love of God in Christ to know,  
The wisdom from above to find !

135.

FOR SCHOOLS.

148.

*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast  
perfected praise.—Matt. xxi. 16.*

CHILDREN.

- 1 COME let our voice ascend,  
In one glad song of praise !  
To God, the God of love,  
Our grateful hearts we raise !

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs ;  
He claims our earliest, latest songs.

CHILDREN.

- 2 Now we are taught to read  
The book of life divine,  
Where our Redeemer's love  
And brightest glories shine.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,  
Who sends his word to us and you.

CHILDREN.

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls  
Our wand'ring feet are brought,  
Where prayer and praise ascend,  
And heavenly truths are taught.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praises bring ;  
Let young and old his praises sing.

CHORUS.

- 4 Lord, bid this work of love  
Be crown'd with great success ;  
May thousands yet unborn  
These institutions bless !  
Thus shall the praise resound to Thee,  
In time and in eternity.



*The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.—Matt. xxi. 15.*

- 1 CHILDREN once were heard to sing,  
When so many silent were ;  
Glad they welcom'd Israel's King,  
And hosannas fill'd the air.
- 2 David's Son, and David's Lord,  
Heard their praises, and approv'd :  
Be our Saviour's grace ador'd ;  
Be our Saviour's name belov'd !
- 3 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,  
If we try our song to raise !  
Children we, like those of old,  
Taught like them to lisp thy praise.
- 4 Jesus, hail ! we sing to thee,  
Welcome to thine House of Prayer ;  
Let our hearts thy temple be !  
Lord, set up thy kindom there !
- 5 Make us wise, thy name to know,  
Let us feel thy power and love,  
Ours to serve thee here below,  
And to dwell with thee above ;
- 6 There to sing hosannas loud,  
There a Saviour's praise to sing,  
Mix with yonder joyful crowd,  
And for ever praise our King !

## 137. THE SAINT'S SECURITY. (C. M.)

*Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,  
ready to be revealed.—1 Pet. i. 5.*

- 1 NOT unto us, but thee, O Lord,  
Be praise and glory given,  
For every gracious thought and word,  
Which brings us nearer heaven !
- 2 Thy saints are in thy faithful hand,  
Secure beneath thine eye ;  
And safe, at last, they all shall stand,  
Before thy throne on high.
- 3 Redeem'd from sin, and sav'd by grace,  
Thy glory they shall see ;  
And eye to eye, and face to face,  
For ever dwell with thee.
- 4 Oh hasten, Lord, the glorious day ;  
Call all thy children home ;  
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,  
Lord Jesus, quickly come !

## 138. THE JOY OF TRUE RELIGION. (S. M.)

*Serve the Lord with gladness.—Psalm c. 2.*

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,  
Join in a song of sweet accord,  
As ye surround the throne !
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place :  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.

(198)

HYMN 139.

- 3 The sons of God have found  
Glory begun below :  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields;  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry !  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

139.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE. (C. M.)

*To me to live, is Christ ; and to die, is gain.*—Phil. i. 21.

- 1 LORD, may we feel no anxious care,  
Whether we die or live !  
'Tis ours to love and serve thee here,  
And thou the strength wilt give.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet  
Thy blessed face to see !  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must thy glory be !
- 3 Then we shall end our sad complaints,  
Our weary, sinful days,  
And join with those triumphant saints  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 Our knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ is all,  
And we shall be with him.

## 140. THE HOPE OF HEAVEN. (C. M.)

*Which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.*—Heb. vi. 19.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## 141. THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS. (7's.)

*The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.*—Isaiah li. 11.

- 1 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the Fathers trod:  
They are happy now;—and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Shout, ye ransom'd flock and blest !  
 Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest :  
 There your seat is now prepar'd ;  
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land :  
 Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
 Bid you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive may we go,  
 Gladly leaving all below ;  
 Only Thou our Leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

142. THE CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE, (L.M.)

*For here have we no continuing city ; but we seek one to come.—Heb. xiii. 14.*

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here :"—  
 This may distress the worldling's mind ;  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here :"—  
 Sad truth, were this to be our home !  
 But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
 "We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here ;"—  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 We seek a city out of sight,—  
 Zion its name,—the Lord is there,  
 It shines with everlasting light.

- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
 The time my God appoints is best:  
 While here, to do His will be *mine*;  
 And *his*, to fix my time of rest.

143. THE CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE. (6.6.4.)

*For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.—Heb. xi. 14.*

- 1 FROM Egypt lately come,  
 Where death and darkness reign,  
 We seek our new, our better home,  
 Where we our rest shall gain.  
 Hallelujah!  
 We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound  
 We haste with songs of joy,  
 Where peace and liberty are found,  
 And sweets that never cloy.  
 Hallelujah!—&c.
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,  
 And every conflict's o'er;  
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
 And never hunger more.  
 Hallelujah!—&c.
- 4 There, in celestial strains,  
 Enraptur'd myriads sing;  
 There love in every bosom reigns,  
 For God himself is King.  
 Hallelujah!—&c.

- 5 We soon shall join the throng,  
 Their pleasures we shall share,  
 And sing the everlasting song  
 With all the ransom'd there.  
 Hallelujah !—&c.

144.

## THE VOYAGE OF LIFE. (8.7.4.)

*What manner of man is this, that even the wind and  
 the sea obey him?—Mark iv. 41.*

- 1 WHY those fears ? Behold, 'tis Jesus  
 Holds the helm and guides the ship !  
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
 Sent to waft us through the deep,  
 To the regions  
 Where the mourners cease to weep !
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on  
 Only by report is known,  
 Yet we freely all abandon,  
 Led by that report alone ;  
 And with Jesus  
 Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;  
 Led by that, the storms defy ;  
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh :  
 Waves obey him,  
 And the storms before him fly.
- 4 Oh what pleasures there await us !  
 There the tempests cease to roar ;  
 There it is that those that hate us  
 Can molest our peace no more !  
 Trouble ceases  
 On that tranquil, happy shore.

145.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

(L. M.)

*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.—Isaiah xl. 31.*

- (8.7.4.)  
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on.
- 1 AWAKE our souls! away our fears!  
Let every trembling thought be gone!  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on!
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God  
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, O God, of grace the spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

146.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

(C. M.)

*I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. iii. 14.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on!  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown,



- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey :—  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way !
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high ;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour ! introduc'd by thee,  
 Have I my race begun ;  
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet,  
 I'll lay my honours down.

147. PRESSING TOWARD HEAVEN. (7.6.)

*If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.—Col. iii 1.*

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory thing,  
 Tow'rd heaven, thy native place !  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
 To seats prepar'd above !
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course :  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;  
 Both speed them to their source.  
 So a soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face,  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;  
 Press onward to the prize !  
 Soon your Saviour shall return,  
 Triumphant in the skies.  
 Yet a season, and ye know,  
 Happy entrance shall be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchang'd for heaven.

148. CHRISTIAN WARFARE. (S. M.)

*Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done (overcome, marginal reading) all, to stand,—Eph. vi. 13.*

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ ! arise,  
 And put your armour on,  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
 Through his Eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts  
 And in his mighty power,  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
 With all his strength endued ;  
 But take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God ;
- 4 That having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
 And stand complete at last.

149. CHRISTIAN WARFARE. (S. M.)

*He teacheth my hands to war.*—Psalm xviii. 34.

- 1     **ARISE**, ye saints, arise !  
      The Lord our leader is ;  
The foe before his banner flies,  
      For victory is his.
- 2     Behold ! He leads the way !  
      We'll follow where he goes :  
We cannot fail to win the day,  
      Since he subdues our foes.
- 3     We soon shall see the day  
      When toil and strife shall cease ;  
We then shall cast our arms away,  
      And dwell in endless peace.
- 4     This hope supports us here,  
      It makes our burdens light ;  
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,  
      Till faith shall end in sight :
- 5     'Till, of the prize possess'd,  
      We hear of war no more,  
And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest  
      On yonder peaceful shore.

150. ENCOURAGEMENT. (8.7.4.)

*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.*—Psalm xliii. 5.

- 1 O MY soul ! what means this sadness ?  
      Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?  
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,  
      Bid thy restless fears be gone :  
      Look to Jesus !  
      Thou by faith with him art one.

- (S. M.)  
34.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Harass thee from day to day,  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay ;  
Thou shalt conquer,  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee,  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;  
Therefore praise him,  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

151. JOY OF THE DIVINE PRESENCE. (C. M.)

*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*—Psalm xxx. 5.

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- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return !  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave ;  
And though his arm be strong to smite,  
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long has the night of sorrow reign'd,  
The dawn shall bring us light ;  
God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in his sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know him, and rejoice ;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs his voice.

- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,  
 Diffusing fragrance round ;  
 As showers that usher in the spring,  
 And cheer the thirsty ground ;
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,  
 And shed a joyful light ;  
 That hallow'd morn shall chase away  
 The sorrows of the night.

**152. THE SUFFERING PEOPLE OF GOD. (L.M.)**

*I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.—Zeph. iii. 12.*

- 1 "POOR and afflicted," Lord, are thine,  
 Among the great unfit to shine ;  
 But though the world may think it strange,  
 They would not with the world exchange.
- 2 "Poor and afflicted,"—'tis their lot ;  
 They know it, and they murmur not :  
 'Twould ill become them to refuse  
 The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted ;"—yet they sing,  
 For Jesus is their glorious King :  
 Through suff'rings perfect, now he reigns,  
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted ;"—but ere long  
 They join the bright celestial throng ;  
 Their suff'rings then will reach a close,  
 And heaven afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And while they walk the thorny way,  
 They oft are heard to sigh, and say,  
 "Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come,  
 And take thy mourning pilgrims home !"

## 153. THE BELIEVER'S CONFLICT. (L.M.)

*When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.*—Isaiah xliii. 2.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wint'ry sky :  
Out of the depths to Thee I call ;  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me thro' the storm !  
Defend me from each threat'ning ill ;  
Control the waves ; say, "Peace ! be still !"
- 3 Amidst the raging of the sea  
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek :  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shatter'd bark again !

## 154. SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION. (7's.)

*Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.*—Heb. xii. 6.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.  
Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.

- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds  
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
 These spring up, and choke the weeds  
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.  
 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
 Trials give new life to prayer ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet ;—  
 Lay me low, and keep me there !
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No correction by the way,  
 Might I not, with reason fear  
 I should prove a cast-away ?  
 Others may escape the rod,  
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;  
 But the true-born child of God  
 Must not, would not, if he might.

155. THE REFUGE IN TROUBLE. (C.M.)

*Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the  
 night?—Job xxxv. 10.*

- 1 O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,  
 We could not fly to thee !
- 2 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
 Which, like the plants that throw  
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright  
 With more than rapture's ray ;  
 As darkness shews us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day.

## 156. HOPE IN TROUBLE. (C.M.)

*To die is gain.*—Phil. i. 21.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,  
How sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will ;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still ;
- 3 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys  
— The paths to realms of light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is, that hope with ardour glows  
To see HIM face to face,  
Whose dying love no language knows  
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 O let me wing my hallow'd flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar beyond these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share !

## 157. THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS. (112.)

*He was in all points tempted like as we are.*  
Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,  
On him I lean, who, not in vain  
Experienc'd every human pain :  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.



- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;  
 To flee the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the sin I would not do ;  
 Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
 Which covers all that was a friend,  
 And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while ;  
 My Saviour marks the tears I shed ;—  
 For "Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead."
- 4 And oh ! when I have safely pass'd  
 Through every conflict but the last,  
 Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
 My dying bed !—for thou hast died :—  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tears away !

158.

RESIGNATION.

(C. M.)

*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed  
 be the name of the Lord.—Job i. 21.*

- 1 'TIS God that lifts our comforts high,  
 Or sinks them in the grave ;  
 He gives, and (blessed be his name !)  
 He takes but what he gave.
- 2 Peace all our angry passions then !  
 Let each rebellious sigh  
 Be silent at His sov'reign will,  
 And every murmur die.
- 3 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 Its praises shall be spread ;  
 And we'll adore the justice too  
 That strikes our comforts dead.

159.

RESIGNATION.

(C. M.)

*Not my will, but thine, be done.*—Luke xxii. 42.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine !
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ;  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ;—rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize, to Thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
If thou vouchsafe to grant,  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;  
Shall I resist them both—  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth ?
- 6 But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway !  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies  
Drives all these thoughts away.

## 160.

## RESIGNATION.

(C.M.)

*Not my will, but thine, be done.*—Luke xxii. 42.

- 1 ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—  
When I am wholly thine :  
“Thy will my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine !”
- 2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,  
In thee I firmly trust ;  
Thy ways, unknown, or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3 Is life with many comforts crown'd,  
Upheld in peace and health,  
With dear affections twin'd around ?  
—Lord, in my time, of wealth,
- 4 May I remember, that to Thee,  
Whate'er I have, I owe ;  
And back, in gratitude from me,  
May all thy bounties flow.
- 5 And though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will ?  
No ; let me bless thy name, and say,  
“The Lord is gracious still !”
- 6 Write but my name upon the roll  
Of thy redeem'd above,  
Then heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,  
Shall love thee for *thy* love.

## 161.

## RESIGNATION.

(C.M.)

*The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will  
he teach his way.*—Psalm xxv. 9.

- 1 THOU boundless Source of every good,  
Our best desires fulfil,  
And help us to adore thy grace,  
And mark thy sov'reign will !

- (C.M.)  
xxii. 42.  
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d ?
- 2 In all thy mercies, may our souls  
Thy bounteous goodness see ;  
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts  
Estrange our hearts from thee !
  - 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,  
To own thy hand, O God,  
And in submissive silence learn  
The lessons of thy rod !
  - 4 In every changing scene of life,  
Whate'er that scene may be,  
Give us a meek and humble mind,  
A mind at peace with thee !
  - 5 Then may we close our eyes in death,  
Free from distracting care ;  
For death is life, and labour rest,  
If thou art with us there.

162. ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER. (C.M.)

*Jesus said: Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.*

- and soul,  
(C.M.)  
meek will  
good,
- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer !  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.
  - 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;  
With this I venture nigh !  
Thou callest burthen'd souls to thee ;  
And such, O Lord, am I !
  - 3 Be thou my shield and hiding-place !  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce Accuser face,  
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

- 4 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
 To bear the cross and shame,  
 That guilty sinners, such as I,  
 Might plead thy gracious name !

163. THE POWER OF PRAYER. (L.M.)

*Ask, and it shall be given you.*—Matt. vii. 7.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
 In coming to a mercy-seat !  
 Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :  
 Prayer makes the Christians' armour bright ;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
 Success was found on Israel's side ;  
 But when through weariness they fail'd,  
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ?—ah ! think again ;  
 Words flow apace when you complain,  
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
 To heaven in supplication sent,  
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me !"

## 164. PLEADING FOR AN ANSWER TO PRAYER. (S.M.)

*I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain.*  
Isaiah xlv. 19.

- (L.M.)  
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e!"
- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,  
Behold us at thy feet;  
Now let us prove thy presence here,  
Where two or three are met!
  - 2 Thy promise, Lord, we plead;  
Nor can we plead in vain;  
Thou never saidst to Israel's seed,  
"Seek ye my face in vain."
  - 3 Glory to thee alone,  
Thou God of boundless grace,  
Who dost refreshing showers send down,  
To cheer thy drooping race!
  - 4 O let it now be shown  
How true, how good thou art!  
Lord, send a gracious answer down,  
To every waiting heart!

## 165. PREPARATION OF THE HEART. (C.M.)

*The preparations of the heart in man... are from the  
Lord.—Prov. xvi. 1.*

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With rev'rence and with fear!  
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,  
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer;  
O, grant us power to pray!  
And when to meet thee we prepare,  
Lord, meet us by the way!

- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee,  
With broken contrite hearts !  
Give what thine eye delights to see—  
Truth in the inward parts ;—
- 4 Faith in the only sacrifice  
That can for sin atone,  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
On Christ—on Christ alone ;—
- 5 Patience to watch and wait and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;—  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee, though thou slay !
- 6 Give these ; and then thy will be done !—  
Thus, strengthen'd with all might,  
We, by thy Spirit, through thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

## 166.

## WAITING UPON GOD.

(C.M.)

*My soul, wait thou only upon God: for my expectation  
is from him.—Psalm lxii. 5.*

- 1 ETERNAL God, we look to thee ;  
To thee for help we fly !  
Thine eye alone our wants can see ;  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord, let thy fear within us dwell,  
Thy love our footsteps guide !  
That love will all vain love expel ;  
That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Alas ! by passion's force subdued,  
Too oft, with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And choose the specious ill.

- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
 O, let thy grace supply !  
 The good, unask'd, in mercy grant ;  
 The ill, though ask'd, deny !

167. WAITING FOR THE LORD. (8.7.)

*Our soul waiteth for the Lord : he is our help and our shield.*—Psalm xxxiii. 20.

- 1 THEE, Jehovah, thee adoring,  
 Prostrate at thy throne we bend,  
 Humbly there thy grace imploring,  
 Waiting till thy grace descend !  
 Thou art our Almighty Saviour,  
 Let thine arm be still reveal'd ;  
 Cast around thy special favour,  
 Spread thine everlasting shield !
- 2 In thy love our heart rejoices,  
 While thy promises we claim ;  
 Thee we praise with cheerful voices,  
 Trusting in thy holy name.  
 Lord, thy mercy, without measure,  
 Fills thy covenant of grace ;  
 Grant to us that heavenly treasure,  
 For on thee our hopes we place !

168. DESIRING CONFORMITY TO CHRIST. (112.)

*I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.*—Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows !  
 I see from far thy beauteous light,  
 And inly sigh for thy repose :  
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.



- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there!  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 3 O crucify this self, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live!  
Bid all my vile affections die,  
Nor let one hateful lust survive!  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!
- 4 Lord, draw my heart from earth away,  
And make it only know thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
"I am thy Strength, thy God, thy All!"  
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

169

THE CHIEF REQUEST.

(L. M.)

*And God said, ask what I shall give thee.—1 Kings  
iii. 5.*

- 1 AND dost thou say "Ask what thou wilt!"—  
Lord, we would seize the gracious hour:  
We pray to be releas'd from guilt,  
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart;  
More of thine image let us bear;  
Erect thy throne in every heart,  
And reign without a rival there!
- 3 Give us to read our pardon seal'd,  
And from thy joy to draw our strength,  
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,  
In all its height and breadth and length!

- 4 Grant these requests !—we ask no more,  
 But to thy care the rest resign ;  
 Sick or in health, or rich or 'poor,  
 All shall be well if we are thine.

170. PRAYER FOR WISDOM. (C.M.)

*Give thy servant an understanding heart.*

1 Kings iii. 9.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer,  
 To thee our souls we lift ;  
 Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
 For thy most needful gift !
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
 Along our path to flow ;  
 We ask not undecaying health,  
 Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour.  
 May bring and take away ;  
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,  
 Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord, impart,  
 The knowledge how to live ;  
 A wise and understanding heart  
 To all before thee give !
- 5 For we, as children, born in sin,  
 Know not, till thou hast taught,  
 How to go out, or how come in,  
 By word, or deed, or thought.
- 6 The young remember thee in youth,  
 Before the evil days ;  
 The old be guided by thy truth  
 In wisdom's pleasant ways !

171.

FOR WATCHFULNESS.

(C.M.D.)

*Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence.—Acts xxiv. 16.*

- 1 I WANT a principle within  
     Of jealous godly fear,  
     A sensibility of sin,  
     A pain to feel it near !  
 I want the first approach to feel,  
     Of pride, of vain desire,  
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
     And quench the kindling fire !
- 2 From Thee that I no more may part,  
     No more thy goodness grieve,  
     The filial awe, the fleshy heart,  
     The tender conscience give !  
 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
     O God, my conscience make !  
 Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,  
     And keep it still awake !
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,  
     That moment, Lord, reprove ;  
 Return me to thy narrow way,  
     Uphold me with thy love !  
 O, may the least omission pain  
     My well-instructed soul,  
 And drive me to the blood again  
     Which makes the wounded whole !

## 172. THE BETTER PART. (L. M.)

*Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.—Luke x. 42.*

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand :  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right !
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart  
Great God! to choose this better part ;  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that none can take away !
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find eternal joy in thee.

## 173. PRAYER TO OVERCOME THE WORLD. (L. M.)

*Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God.—1 Jchn v. 5.*

- 1 OH, from the world's vile slavery,  
Almighty Saviour, set us free ;  
And, as our treasure is above,  
Be there our thoughts, be there our love !
- 2 But oft, alas ! too well we know  
Our thoughts, our love, are fix'd below ;  
In every lifeless prayer we find  
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.

- 3 Oh ! what that frozen heart can move,  
That melts not at the Saviour's love ?  
What can that sluggish spirit raise  
That will not sing the Saviour's praise ?
- 4 Lord, draw our best affections hence,  
Above this world of sin and sense ;  
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,  
And rest not, till to thee they rise !

174. FOR HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS. (L. M.)

*Set your affection on things above.*—Col. iii. 2.

- 1 O CHRIST, who hast prepar'd a place  
For us around thy throne of grace,  
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,  
And draw them with the cords of love !
- 2 Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,  
Art our exceeding great reward :  
How transient is our present pain !  
How boundless our eternal gain !
- 3 With open face and joyful heart  
We then shall see thee as thou art ;  
Our love shall never cease to glow,  
Our praise shall never cease to flow.
- 4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,  
A surety of thy endless love,  
Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be  
The raiser of our souls to thee !
- 5 O future Judge, Eternal Lord,  
Thy name be hallow'd and ador'd !  
To God the Father, King of Heaven,  
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given !

175.

FOR CONTENTMENT.

(C.M.)

*Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.—Heb. xiii. 5.*

- 1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sov'reign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise!—
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to thee!
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end!

176.

FOR A RENEWED HEART.

(C.M.)

*A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.*

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from guilt set free,—  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me;—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within;—

(226) HYMNS 177, 178.

- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And fill'd with love divine,  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine !
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above,  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love !

177. THIRSTING FOR GRACE. (L.M.)

*Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and  
instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.—  
Isa. lv. 13.*

- 1 I THIRST ; but not as once I did,  
The vain delights of earth to share :—  
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasures there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross  
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,  
And taught me to esteem as dross  
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,  
That quickens all things where it flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,  
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose !
- 4 For sure, of all the plants that share  
The notice of thy Father's eye,  
None proves less grateful to his care,  
Or yields him meaner fruit, than I.

178. FOR A CLOSE WALK WITH GOD. (C.M.)

*Where is the blessedness ye spake of? Gal. iv. 15*

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame—  
A light, to shine upon the road  
Which leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord !  
Where is the soul-refreshing view,  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !  
How sweet their mem'ry still !  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove ! return  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee !
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

179. FOR INCREASE OF FAITH. (C.M.)

*I am the Lord that healeth thee.*—Exod. xv. 26.

- 1 HEAL us, Emmanuel ! here we are,  
Waiting to feel thy touch ;  
Deep wounded souls to thee repair ;  
And, Saviour, we are such !
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;  
We faintly trust thy word ;  
But wilt thou pity us the less ?—  
Be that far from thee, Lord !



- 3 Remember him who once applied  
 With trembling for relief :  
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,  
 "O, help my unbelief!"
- 4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,  
 And healing virtue stole,  
 Was answer'd, " Daughter, go in peace ;  
 "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,  
 She would have shunn'd thy view ;  
 And, if her faith was firm and strong,  
 Hâd strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come  
 To touch thee, if we may ;  
 O, send us not despairing home,  
 Send none unheal'd away !

180. FOR DIVINE GUARDIANSHIP AND  
 GUIDANCE. (L.M.)

*Lead me in the way everlasting.*—Ps. cxxxix. 24.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
 The darkness shineth as the light,  
 Search, prove my heart !—it pants for thee !  
 O, burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 While in this darksome wild I stray,  
 Be thou my light, be thou my way !  
 No foes, nor violence, I fear,  
 Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
 Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee :  
 O, let thy hand support me still,  
 And lead me to thy holy hill !

- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,  
 My strength proportion to my day,  
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace!

181.

THE GOD OF BETHEL.

(C.M.)

*And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, &c.—Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.*

- 1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
 Thy people still are fed,  
 Who through this weary pilgrimage,  
 Hast all our fathers led,—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,  
 Before thy throne of grace!  
 God of our fathers, be the God  
 Of their succeeding race!
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
 Our wand'ring footsteps guide;  
 Give us each day our daily bread,  
 And raiment fit provide!
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,  
 Till all our wand'rings cease,  
 And at our Father's lov'd abode  
 Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
 Our humble prayers implore;  
 And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
 And portion evermore.

(230) HYMNS 182, 183.

182. FOR THE DIVINE GUIDANCE. (8.7.4.)

*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.—Psalm lxxiii. 24.*

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this desert land !  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand !  
Bread of heaven !  
Feed me, till I want no more !
- 2 Open now the living Fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy Pillar  
Lead me all my journey through !  
Strong Deliv'rer !  
Be Thou still my strength and shield !
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Thou, who art of death the victor,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side !  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee !

183. FOR THE DIVINE FAVOUR. (L.M.)

*Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people. O visit me with thy salvation!—Psalm cvi. 4.*

- 1 REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,  
With those who love thy gracious name ;  
And to our souls that good afford,  
Thy promise has prepar'd for them !
- 2 To us thy great salvation show ;  
Give us a taste of love divine,  
That we thy people's joy may know,  
And in their holy triumph join !

HYMNS 184, 185. (231)

184. PLEADING FOR MERCY. (L.M.)

*My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.*—Psalm lxxii. 5.

- 1 TO thee, O Lord our God, we come !  
For thou art great, and thou art good ;  
Around thy throne we know there's room,  
And on thy table richest food.
- 2 For mercy, Lord, we come to thee,  
For grace to help in time of need ;  
Thy promise is our only plea,  
And this with confidence we plead.
- 3 No goodness, Lord, or strength, have we ;  
We live upon a Saviour's grace ;  
Nor would we less dependent be,  
Nor do we ask a higher place.
- 4 'Tis sweet to know, that all we need  
Is found in Him, by whom we live :  
Then grant us that for which we plead,—  
Increase our faith, our sins forgive !

185. PLEADING FOR MERCY. (C.M.)

*Lord, remember me !*—Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
O Lord, remember me !
- 2 When on my aching, burden'd heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart,  
In love remember me !

- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee,  
 O, let my strength be as my day,  
 For good remember me !
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see,  
 Give patience, rest, and kind relief,  
 Hear, and remember me !
- 5 If on my face, for thy lov'd name,  
 Shame and reproach shall be,  
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
 If Thou remember me !
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death  
 I wait thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
 O Lord, remember me !

186.

TURNING TO GOD.

(112)

*Turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.—*  
 Joel ii. 13.

- 1 O 'TIS enough, my God, my God !  
 Here let me give my wand'rings o'er ;  
 No longer trample on thy blood,  
 And grieve thy gentleness no more ;  
 No more thy ling'ring anger move,  
 Or sin against thy light and love !
- 2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,  
 Nor let it all on me be shown—  
 On me, the chief of sinners—me,  
 Who humbly for thy mercy groan !  
 Me to thy Father's grace restore,  
 Nor let me ever grieve thee more !

- 3 Fountain of unexhausted love,  
Of infinite compassions, hear!  
My Saviour, and my Prince above,  
Once more in my behalf appear!  
Repentance, faith, and pardon give!  
O let me turn again, and live!

## 187. RETURNING TO GOD. (C.M.)

*Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.*—Psalm li. 11, 12.

- 1 GREAT God, before thy throne of grace,  
We wretched wand'ers mourn!  
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?  
Hast thou not said "Return"?
- 2 And shall our guilty fears prevail,  
To drive us from thy feet?  
Lord, let not this sole refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.
- 3 Absent from thee, our Guide, our Light,  
Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate our way!
- 4 O shine on each benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine;  
And let thy healing grace impart  
A taste of joys divine!

## 188. A LITANY. (7's.)

*Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou Son of David!*—  
Matt. xx. 31.

- 1 WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe;  
When our bitter tears o'erflow;  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,—  
Gracious Son of David, hear!

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;  
 Thou our mortal grief hast borne ;  
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;—  
 Gracious Son of David, hear !
- 3 When the heart is sad within,  
 With the sense of all its sin ;  
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
 Gracious Son of David, hear !
- 4 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,  
 Though the sins were not thine own ;  
 Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;—  
 Gracious Son of David, hear !

189. LAMENTATION OF A SINNER. (C.M.)

*I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself.*

Jer. xxxi. 18.

- 1 O LORD ! turn not thy face away  
 From him that lies prostrate,  
 Lamenting sore his sinful life  
 Before thy mercy's gate ;
- 2 Which thou dost open wide to those  
 That do lament their sin ;  
 Oh ! shut it not against me, Lord,  
 But let me enter in !
- 3 I need not to confess my life ;  
 For surely thou canst tell  
 What I have been ;—and what I am,  
 Thou knowest very well.
- 4 O Lord, I need not to repeat  
 What now I beg and crave ;  
 For thou dost know, before I ask,  
 The thing that I would have.

- 5 Mercy, good Lord ! mercy I ask !  
 This is the total sum ;  
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;  
 Lord, let thy mercy come !

190. CONFESSON OF SIN. (C. M.)

*All we like sheep have gone astray.—Isaiah liii. 6.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! God of grace !  
 We all, like sheep astray,  
 In folly from thy paths have turn'd,  
 Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act  
 Through all our lives abound :  
 Alas ! in thought, and word, and deed,  
 No health in us is found !
- 3 O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare !  
 Our contrite souls restore,  
 Through Him who suffer'd on the cross,  
 And man's transgression bore !
- 4 And grant, O Father, for His sake,  
 That we, through all our days,  
 A just and godly life may lead,  
 To thine eternal praise !

191. NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

*Now, saith the Lord, Turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning.—Joel ii. 12.*

- 1 DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations !  
 From thy temple in the skies,  
 Hear thy people's supplications ;  
 Now for their deliverance rise !



(236)

HYMN 192.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend :  
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning !  
Hear us, spare us, and defend !

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;  
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.  
Let that love veil our transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface ;  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy holy place !



CLASS VI.—*TIME AND ETERNITY—DEATH  
AND HEAVEN.*



192.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

(8.8.6.)

(See Psalms xxxix. xc.)

*Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness.—2 Pet. iii. 11.*

1 THOU God of Glorious Majesty,  
To Thee, against myself—to Thee,  
A worm of earth, I cry ;  
A half-awaken'd child of man,  
An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
A sinner born to die !

- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,  
 Secure, insensible :  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress ;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And wake to righteousness !
- 4 Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear  
 Eternal bliss t' insure ;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure !
- 5 Then Saviour, then, my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale, to live  
 And reign with thee above ;  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love !

193.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

(C. M.)

*Man goeth to his long home.—Eccl. xii. 5.*

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name ;  
 And humbly own to thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms are we !

- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away  
 The breath that first it gave ;  
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
 To push us to the tomb ;  
 And fierce diseases wait around,  
 To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Great God, on what a slender thread  
 Hang everlasting things,  
 Th' eternal state of all the dead  
 Upon life's feeble strings !
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dang'rous rode ;  
 And if our souls are hurried hence,  
 May they be found with God !

194. THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE. (S. M.)

*Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.*

James iv. 14.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
 Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;  
 And if its sun arise and shine,  
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,  
 And bears our life away ;  
 O, make thy servants truly wise,  
 That they may live to-day !
- 3 Since on this winged hour  
 Eternity is hung,  
 Waken, by thine Almighty power,  
 The aged and the young !

- 4 One thing demands our care,  
Oh, be it still pursued!  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.

195. THE SHORTNESS OF TIME. (C. M.)

*Now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Rom. xiii. 11.*

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your voices,  
And raise your voices high!  
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love  
That shews salvation nigh!
- 2 Fast on the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year!
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!  
Ye mortal powers decay!  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

196. THE NEW YEAR. (C. M.)

*Redeeming the time.—Eph. v. 16.*

- 1 And now, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past!  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.

(240)

HYMN 197.

- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again ;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake my soul ! with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn :  
What ere thy hopes—how sure, how fair ;  
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,  
Set out afresh for heaven ;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend ;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
Which shall in glory end.

197.

THE NEW YEAR.

(7's D.)

*This I say brethren, The time is short.—1 Cor. vii. 29.*

- 1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their course have run,  
Never more to meet us here :  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait ;  
But, how little—none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies,  
Darts and leaves no trace behind :

HYMN 198.

(241)

Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:  
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise!  
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
 Pardon of our sins renew;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity in view!  
 Bless thy word to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above!

198.

MORNING HYMN.

(L. M.)

*When I awake, I am still with thee.*  
 Psalm cxxxix. 18.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run;  
 Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice!
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part,  
 Who all night long unwearied sing  
 High praises to th' Eternal King!
- 3 All praise to Thee, who safe has kept,  
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept:  
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
 I may of endless life partake!
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with thyself my spirit fill!

(242)

HYMN 199.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite !
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

199.

EVENING HYMN.

(L. M.)

*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep : for thou,  
Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.—Ps. iv. 8.*

- 1 ALL praise to thee, my God this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own Almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be !
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;—  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day !
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—  
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God when I awake !
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest !

HYMNS 200, 201.

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- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise him all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

200.

EVENING HYMN.

(8.7.7.)

*If thou prepare thine heart, and stretch out thine hands  
 toward him...thou shalt take thy rest in safety: also,  
 thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid.*  
 —Job xi. 13, 18, 19.

- 1 THROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us:  
 Now we lay us down to rest,

Through the silent watches guard us,  
 Let no foe our peace molest :

Jesus, thou our guardian be !  
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,

Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
 In thine arms may we repose ;

And, when life's short day is past,  
 Rest with thee in heaven at last !

201.

DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

(L. M.)

*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*  
 Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 HARK ! a voice—it cries from heaven :  
 “ Happy in the Lord who die !”

Happy they to whom 'tis given  
 From a world of grief to fly !

They indeed are truly blest,  
 From their labours then they rest.



- 2 All their toils and conflicts over,  
 Lo! they dwell with Christ above;  
 O what glories they discover  
 In the Saviour whom they love!  
 Now they see him face to face,  
 Him who sav'd them by his grace.
- 3 'Tis enough, enough for ever,  
 'Tis his people's bright reward;  
 They are blest indeed, who never  
 Shall be absent from the Lord.  
 O that we may die like those  
 Who in Jesus then repose!

202. DEATH OF A BELIEVER. (C. M.)

*Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of his  
 saints.—Ps. cxvi. 15.*

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint  
 The moment after death,  
 The glories that surround the saint  
 When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;  
 We scarce can say, "He's gone,"  
 Before the willing spirit takes  
 Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
 To trace her heavenward flight;  
 No eye can pierce within the veil  
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,—  
 They are completely blest;  
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe;  
 And with their Saviour rest.

- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,  
His face they always view ;—  
And if we *here* their footsteps trace,  
There we shall praise him too.

203. THE CHRISTIAN'S PARTING HOUR. (L.M.)

*Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.*  
1 Thess. iv. 14.

- 1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;  
And faith, rekindling all its power,  
Lights up the langour of his breast.
- 3 A beam from heaven is sent, to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 4 O Lord, that we may thus depart,  
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,  
Impress thy image on our heart,  
And teach us now to walk with thee !

204. ANTICIPATION OF HEAVEN. (L. M.)

*We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.—2 Cor. iv. 18.*

- 1 AS when the weary trav'ler gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,  
He eyes his home, though distant still.

- 2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,  
He slights the space that lies between ;  
His past fatigues are now forgot,  
Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,  
No more he grieves for troubles past ;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 " 'Tis there," he says, " I am to dwell,  
With Jesus, in the realms of day ;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he will wipe my tears away !"
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode,  
Assur'd our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road !

205. THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. (C. M.)

*There shall be no night there.*—Rev. xxii. 5.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flowers,  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckled eyes,—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

206. THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. (8.7.7.)

*I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better — Phil. i. 23.*

- 1 What is life ? 'Tis but a vapour ;  
Soon it vanishes away :  
Life is like a dying taper ;  
O my soul ! why wish to stay ?  
Why not spread thy wings and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy ?
- 2 See that glory ! how resplendent !  
Brighter far than fancy paints :  
There, in majesty transcendent,  
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy !

- 3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,  
 Sing with rapture of his love,  
 Through the heavens his praises sounding,  
 Filling all the courts above.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy!
- 4 Go, and share his people's glory,  
 Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:  
 Thine a joyful, wond'rous story,  
 One that angels love to hear.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy!

207. THE SAINTS IN GLORY. (C. M.)

*Be followers of them who through faith and patience  
 inherit the promises.—Heb. vi. 12.*

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
 Their couch was wet with tears;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came:—  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,  
 His zeal inspir'd their breast,  
 And, following their Incarnate God,  
 Possess the promis'd Rest.

- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 For his own pattern given,  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Shew the same path to heaven.

208. THE NEW JERUSALEM. (C. M.)

*Ye are come . . . unto the heavenly Jerusalem.*  
 Heb. xii. 22.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home,  
 Name ever dear to me!  
 When shall my labours have an end,  
 In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
 And pearly gates behold,  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,  
 Shall I thy courts ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
 Around my Saviour stand;  
 And all I love in Christ below  
 Shall join the glorious band.
- 5 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
 My soul still pants for thee:  
 Then shall my labours have an end  
 When I thy joys shall see.

CLASS VII.—*DIVINE ORDINANCES.*

209. BAPTISM. (112.)

*Abraham received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of faith, &c.—Rom. iv. 11.*

- 1 LORD, may the inward grace abound,  
Through thine appointed outward sign;  
A milder seal than Abra'am found,  
Of cov'nant blessings more divine;  
Which opens glory to our view  
Beyond the brightest hope he knew!
- 2 Type of the Spirit's living flow,  
In faith we pour the hallow'd stream;  
We sign the cross upon the brow,  
The solemn pledge of truth to Him  
Who shed for us his precious blood,  
To seal the covenant of God.
- 3 Baptiz'd into the Trinity,  
Adopted children of thy grace,  
O help us, Lord, to live to thee,  
An humble, pure, and faithful race!  
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,  
And crown with heavenly life our end!

210. BAPTISM. (C. M.)

*Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ were baptised into his death? &c.—Rom. vi. 3, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to thee!  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,  
And let these little infants be  
Baptiz'd into thy death!

- 2 O let thine unction on them rest,  
 Thy grace their souls renew;  
 And write within their tender breast  
 Thy name and nature too!
- 3 Thy faithful servants let them prove,  
 Begirt with truth divine,  
 And sharers in thy dying love,  
 And followers of thine!
- 4 Lord, plant us all into thy death,  
 That we thy life may prove,  
 Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
 And of thy crown above!

211.

BAPTISM.

(L. M.)

*Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.—John iii. 5.*

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,  
 Baptizer of our spirits thou;  
 The sacramental seal apply,  
 And witness with the water now!
- 2 Pour forth thy energy divine,  
 And sprinkle the atoning blood;  
 May Father, Son, and Spirit join  
 To seal this child a child of God!

212.

BEFORE A CONFIRMATION.

(L. M.)

*They exhorted the brethren with many words, and confirmed them.—Acts xv. 32.*

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, and on our youth  
 Bestow thy gifts of heavenly grace;  
 And let the seed of sacred truth  
 Find in each mind a fruitful place!



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HYMN 213.

- 2 Soon to appear before thy sight,  
    Their vow and promise to renew,  
Prepare them for the solemn rite,  
    Bid each his heart and life review!
- 3 The cross that mark'd their infant brow,  
    May it a faithful emblem prove,  
That they shall keep that sacred vow,  
    And walk as children of thy love!
- 4 Lord, teach them to remember Thee,  
    Their great Creator, from their youth,  
Advancing to maturity,  
    In years, in knowledge, grace and truth!
- 5 Now in the strength of power divine  
    • O may they all, with glad accord,  
In holy covenant combine,  
    And join themselves to Christ the Lord!

213.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

(L. M.)

*Come; for all things are now ready.*—Luke xiv. 17.

- 1 MY God, and is thy table spread;  
    And does thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
    And let them all thy goodness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
    Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
    That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 O let thy table honour'd be  
    And furnish'd well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
    That here its sacred pledges tastes!

4 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,  
 In thronging numbers let them come,  
 And gather, from their Father's board,  
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

214. THE LORD'S SUPPER. (S. M.)

*The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?—1 Cor. x. 16.*

- 1 JESUS invites his saints  
 To meet around his board;  
 Here pardon'd sinners sit, and hold  
 Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love  
 Which spoke in every breath;  
 Which crown'd each action of his life,  
 And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Here let our powers unite,  
 His glorious name to raise;  
 Pleasure and joy fill every mind,  
 And every voice be praise.

215. THE LORD'S SUPPER. (8.7.7.)

*He hath filled the hungry with good things.—Lu. i. 53.*

- 1 BRETHREN, come! our Saviour bids us,  
 Bids us to a feast of love!  
 Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us  
 With provision from above:  
 Ye for whom his life was given,  
 Come, and eat the bread of heaven!
- 2 Let us think of him who bought us;  
 'Tis the Saviour's own command:  
 When we wander'd, Jesus sought us;  
 Now he leads us by the hand:  
 Now he gives us hope, and says,  
 We shall sing his endless praise.

(254) HYMNS 216, 217.

- 3 Oh, how much his people owe him,  
For the love that he has shown!  
Well may we surrender to him  
All that once we call'd our own:  
Lord, we give ourselves to thee;  
Thou our Guide, our Master be!

216. THE LORD'S SUPPER. (7's.)

*My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.*  
John vi. 55.

- 1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed.  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With this true and living bread,  
Day by day with strength supplied  
Through the life of Him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice:  
'Tis thy wounds my healing give;  
To thy cross I look and live.  
Thou my life! O let me be  
Rooted, grafted, Lord, in thee!

217. THE LORD'S SUPPER. (P. M.)

*The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.—John vi. 33.*

- 1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead;—
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;—  
And be thy feast to us the token,  
That by thy grace our souls are fed!

218.

## THE LORD'S DAY.

(S. M.)

*Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.*

James iv. 8.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself draws near,  
To bless his saints to-day ;  
Here we may come, and find him here,  
And wait, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place  
In which my God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sing thy praise, till call'd away  
To everlasting bliss.

219. DELIGHT IN THE LORD'S DAY. (148)

*God hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.—1 Pet. i. 3.*

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,  
And hail the sacred day ;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay !  
Welcome the day that God hath bless'd,  
The type of heaven's eternal Rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose,  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquish'd all our foes :  
And now he pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

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HYMN 220.

- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannas rings ;  
And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings,—  
“ Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign !”

220. THE ETERNAL SABBATH. (L. M.)

*There remaineth therefore a rest (or, keeping of a Sabbath, marg.) to the people of God.—Heb. iv. 9.*

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy House,  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from the desert rise !
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love :  
But there's a nobler Rest above :—  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor hell, shall reach that place ;  
No groans, to mingle with the songs  
Which echo from immortal tongues :
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day ! begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God !

HYMNS 221, 222. (257)

221. PUBLIC WORSHIP. (L. M.)

*How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!*  
Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

- 1 O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see  
The brethren join in love to thee!  
On thee alone their heart relies,  
Their only strength thy grace supplies.
- 2 How sweet within thy holy place  
With one accord to sing thy grace,  
Besieging thine attentive ear  
With all the force of fervent prayer.
- 3 Oh, may we love the House of God,  
Of peace and joy the blest abode!  
Oh, may no angry strife destroy  
That sacred peace, that holy joy!
- 4 The world without may rage, but we  
Will only cling more close to Thee,—  
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,  
More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on heaven
- 5 Lord, shower upon us from above  
The sacred gift of mutual love;  
Each other's wants may we supply,  
And reign together in the sky!

222. BENEFITS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP. (148.)

*We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thine House,  
even of thine holy Temple.*—Psalm lxxv. 4.

- 1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,  
On him alone we build;  
With his true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are fill'd:  
On his great love  
Our hopes we place,  
Of present grace  
And joys above.

- 2 Oh ! then with hymns of praise  
 These hallow'd courts shall ring ;  
 Our voices we shall raise,  
 The Three in One to sing ;  
 And thus proclaim,  
 In joyful song  
 Both loud and long,  
 That glorious name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do thou  
 For evermore draw nigh,  
 Accept each faithful vow,  
 And mark each suppliant sigh !  
 In copious shower,  
 On all who pray,  
 Each holy day,  
 Thy blessings pour !
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven  
 The grace which we implore ;  
 And may that grace, once given,  
 Be with us evermore ;  
 Until that day  
 When all the blest  
 To endless rest  
 Are called away !
- 5 Praise to the God of heaven ;  
 Praise to his only Son ;  
 And praise to Him be given  
 Who joins them both in one—  
 The Holy Dove,  
 Who makes us meet  
 For the bless'd seat  
 Of God above.

223. THE DIVINE PRESENCE IN PUBLIC  
WORSHIP. (L. M.)

*Where two or three are gathered together in my name,  
there am I in the midst of them.*—Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise,—
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
Amid this little company :"  
There he unveils his smiling face,  
And sheds his glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word ;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love !

224. PUBLIC WORSHIP. (7's.)

*Where two or three are gathered together in my name,  
there am I in the midst of them.*—Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim,  
We are gather'd in thy name ;  
In the midst do thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here !
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;  
Come, and dwell within each heart,  
Light, and life, and joy impart !
- 3 Make us all in thee complete :  
Make us all for glory meet,—  
Meet t' appear before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light !



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HYMNS 225, 226.

225.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

(L.M.)

*Thus saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble.—Isaiah lvii. 15.*

- 1 JESUS! where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat:  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come;  
And, going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name!
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes!
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:  
O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

226.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

(7's.)

*Blessed are they that dwell in thy House: they will be still praising thee.—Psalm lxxxiv. 4.*

- 1 SWEET it is to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer;  
Sweet it is with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise:  
Passing sweet that state must be  
Where they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour ! may our churches prove  
 Preparations for above !  
 While we worship in this place,  
 May we go from grace to grace,  
 Till we each, in his degree,  
 Meet for endless glory be !

227. AT BEGINNING SERVICE. (8.7.7.)

*I wil instruct thee, and teach thee.*—Psalm xxxii. 8.

- GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence,  
 While we worship at thy throne ;  
 Teach our souls important lessons,  
 Lessons learn'd of thee alone !  
 While we pray, and sing, and hear,  
 In the midst do thou appear ;  
     Sin reprov'ing,  
     Fear removing ;  
 Light to all our minds impart,  
 Love convey to every heart !

228. FOR A BLESSING UPON PUBLIC.

WORSHIP.

(C.M.)

*The preparations of the heart in man...are from the  
 Lord.*—Prov. xvi. 1.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear !  
 Thy presence now display ;  
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
 So give us hearts to pray !
- 2 Shew us some tokens of thy love,  
 Our fainting hope to raise ;  
 And pour thy blessings from above,  
 That we may render praise !

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HYMN 229.

- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love and concord, dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal !
- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,  
The contrite heart, bestow ;  
Let all our vices fade and die,  
And all our virtues grow !
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith address our prayers,  
And in the presence of the Lord  
Unbosom all our cares !
- 6 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
Enfore'd by grace divine,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
And bend their wills to thine !

229. FOR A BLESSING ON DIVINE WORSHIP. (C.M.)

*Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.—Sol. Song, iv. 16.*

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God,  
Once more his blessing ask ;  
Oh may not duty seem a load,  
Nor worship prove a task !
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send,  
From heaven, in Jesus' name,  
To make our waiting minds attend,  
Our souls anew to frame ;—

- 3 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake ;  
 Say to the south-wind, Blow ;  
 Let every plant the power partake,  
 And all the garden grow ;—
- 4 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers,  
 The cold with warmth divine ;  
 And as the benefit is ours,  
 Be all the glory thine !

230. FOR A BLESSING ON PUBLIC WORSHIP. (C.M.)

*Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.*  
 James i. 22.

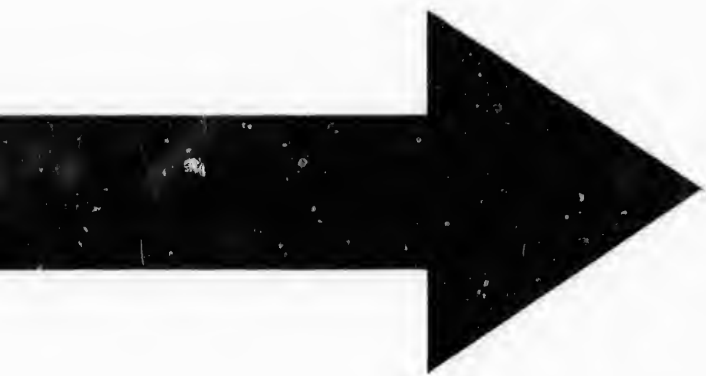
- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound  
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
 But still how weak our faith is found,  
 Our knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,  
 And hear almost in vain ;  
 How small a portion of thy grace  
 Do our false hearts retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !  
 How negligent our fear !  
 How low our hope of joys above !  
 How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy sov'reign power impart,  
 To give thy word success ;  
 Write thy salvation on our heart,  
 And make us learn thy grace !
- 5 Shew our forgetful feet the way  
 That leads to joys on high !  
 There knowledge grows without decay,  
 And love shall never die.

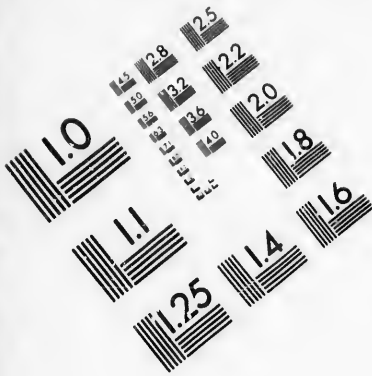
(C.M.)

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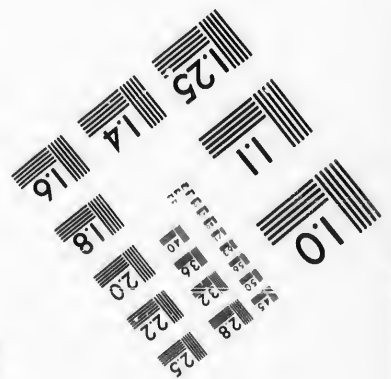
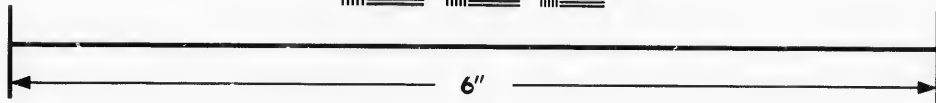
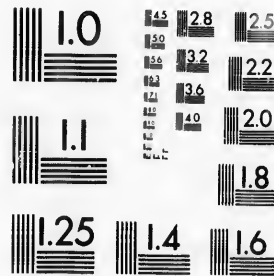
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231.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

(C.M.)

*Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.—Lam. iii. 41.*

- 1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And shun what we deplore;—
- 2 Our fall'n spirits pitying see,  
And penitence impart;  
Then let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope upon the heart!
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful songs to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And rise to thee in praise!
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine!
- 5 Let faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies!

232. FOR A BLESSING ON THE WORD

PREACHED.

(L.M.)

*Praying . . . that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel.—Eph. vi. 18, 19.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer!  
We pray for those who plead for thee;—  
Successful pleaders may they be!

- 2 How great their work! how vast their charge!  
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge!—  
Their best acquisitions are our gain,  
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 O, let the word they preach be thine,  
And cloth'd with energy divine;  
To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal;—
- 4 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
And save them from eternal pain;—
- 5 Let list'ning multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy new-creating power!
- 6 Let sinners break their cruel chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head!

## 233. THE SPIRIT ACCOMPANYING THE

WORD.

(L. M.)

*Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost.—1 Thess. i. 5.*

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race!

(266)

HYMN 234.

- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word ;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard ;—
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order in thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath ;—
- 4 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record ;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord !

234.

BEFORE SERMON.

(L. M.)

*Take heed how ye hear.*—Luke viii. 18.

- 1 **THY** presence, gracious God, afford ;  
Prepare us to receive thy word ;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear ;—
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread ;—
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy ;  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear !
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;  
Teach us to know and do thy will ;  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day !

## 235. HEARING THE WORD. (C. M.)

*The seed is the word of God.*—Luke viii. 2.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground;  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound!
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove;  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love;—
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy;  
But let it yield an hundredfold,  
The fruits of peace and joy;—
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,  
That all, whose souls thy truth receive,  
Its saving power may know!

## 236. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. (C. M.)

*The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.*—  
1 Tim. iii. 15.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name ador'd,  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

- 3 Here springs of consolation rise,  
 To cheer the fainting mind ;  
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be  
 My ever dear delight :  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be Thou for ever near ;  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there !

237.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURE.

(C. M.)

*Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.*  
 Col. iii. 16.

- 1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,  
 Behold thy servants stand,  
 To ask the knowledge of thy word,  
 The guidance of thy hand !
- 2 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,  
 Unfold its hidden store ;  
 And teach us, as we read, to feel  
 Its value more and more !
- 3 Help us to see a Saviour's love  
 Shining in every page,  
 And let the thought of joys above  
 Our inmost soul engage !
- 4 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,  
 Dwell richly in each heart,  
 That from the safe and narrow way  
 We never may depart !

## 238. THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD. (C. M.)

*The entrance of thy word giveth light.*—Ps. cxix. 130.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;—  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 My God! let endless thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day!
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

## 239.

AT ENDING SERVICE.

(8.7.4.)

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us, each thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;—  
O refresh us,  
Trav'ling through this wilderness!
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;—  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found!

(270) HYMNS 240, 241.

3 So, where'er the signal given  
Calls us from this earth away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day!

240. ENDING SERVICE. (8.7.)

*Ye shall know the truth: and the truth shall make you free.—John viii. 32.*

1 PRAISE we Him by whose kind favour  
Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears ;  
May its sweet reviving savour  
Fill our hearts, and chase our fears !—  
Truth—how sacred is the treasure !  
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know !  
Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,  
Which from other sources flow.

2 What of truth we've now been hearing,  
Lord, to every heart apply !  
In the day of thine appearing,  
May we share thy people's joy !  
'Till thou take us hence for ever,  
Saviour, guide us with thine eye !  
This our aim, our sole endeavour,  
Thine to live, and thine to die.

241. ENDING SERVICE. (8.7.4.)

*Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost.—1 Thess. i. 5.*

1 MAY the power that brings salvation,  
Still exerted in the word,  
By its quick'ning operation,  
Life impart and joy afford !  
Life to sinners ;—  
Joy to those who know the Lord.

2 Hark the voice of love, proclaiming  
 Mercy through a Saviour's blood !  
 Vain the schemes of human framing ;  
 This alone is own'd of God.  
 'Tis the Gospel  
 Points to heaven, and shews the road.

242. CLOSE OF DIVINE WORSHIP. (148.)

*The Lord thy God accept thee.*—2 Sam. xxiv. 23.

1 TO thee our wants are known ;  
 From thee are all our powers ;  
 Accept what is thine own,  
 And pardon what is ours !  
 Our praises, Lord, and prayers, receive,  
 And to thy word a blessing give !

2 Oh, grant that each of us,  
 Now met before thee here,  
 May meet together thus,  
 When thou and thine appear ;  
 And follow thee to heaven, our home !—  
 Ev'n so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come !

243. ENDING SERVICE. (8.7.7.)

*Shew me a token for good.*—Psalm lxxxvi. 17.

OF thy love, some gracious token  
 Grant us, Lord, before we go !  
 Bless thy word which has been spoken,  
 Life and peace on all bestow !  
 When we join the world again,  
 Let our hearts with thee remain ;  
 O direct us,  
 And protect us,  
 Till we gain the heavenly shore,  
 Where thy people want no more !

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(272) HYMNS 244, 245, 246.

244. ENDING SERVICE. (8.7.)

*My doctrine shall drop as the rain.*—Deut. xxxii. 2.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.  
Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die !

245. EVENING HYMN. (8.7.7.)

GOD of Israel, we adore thee !  
Thou hast kept us through the day :  
Thus preserv'd, we come before thee,  
Ours the new and living way.  
Safely keep us through the night,  
Guard us till the morning light ;  
Nor forsake us.  
'Till thou take us  
Far from earth, to dwell with thee,  
Through a bright eternity !

246. DISMISSION. (L.M.)

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;  
Help us to feed upon thy word :  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And may thy Spirit in us live !
- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;  
Blot out our sins with Jesus' blood ;  
Each weary, contrite soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace !

247.

DISMISSION.

(L.M.)

- 1 LORD, now we part in thy blest name,  
In which we here together came;  
Grant us, our few remaining days,  
To work thy will, and spread thy praise!
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless  
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;  
And grant us all to meet above!  
Then shall we better sing thy love.

248.

DISMISSION.

(L.M.)

- 1 CHRISTIAN Brethren, ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart,  
One Solemn hymn to God to raise,  
One final song of grateful praise!
- 2 Christians! we here may meet no more;—  
But there is yet a happier shore;  
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,  
There, Brethren, we shall meet again.

~~~~~

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

(S.M.)

GIVE to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of his grace  
Be equal honour done.

II.

(C.M.)

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

T

## III.

(L.M.)

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise him all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## IV.

(7's.)

SING we to our God above  
 Praise eternal as his love :  
 Praise him all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## V.

(Old 104th.)

BY angels in heaven  
 Of every degree,  
 And saints upon earth,  
 All praise be address'd,  
 To God in Three persons  
 One God ever blest,  
 As it hath been, now is,  
 And always shall be.

## VI.

(Old 112th.)

IMMORTAL honours, endless fame,  
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name ;  
 The Saviour Son be gloried,  
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
 And equal adoration be,  
 Eternal Comforter, to thee !

## VII.

(Old 113th.)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,  
 And suff'ring saints on earth, adore,  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last  
 When time itself shall be no more !

## VIII.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever !  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;  
 Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord.

## IX. BENEDICTION.

(8.7.)

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
 Rest upon us from above !  
 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord,  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

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